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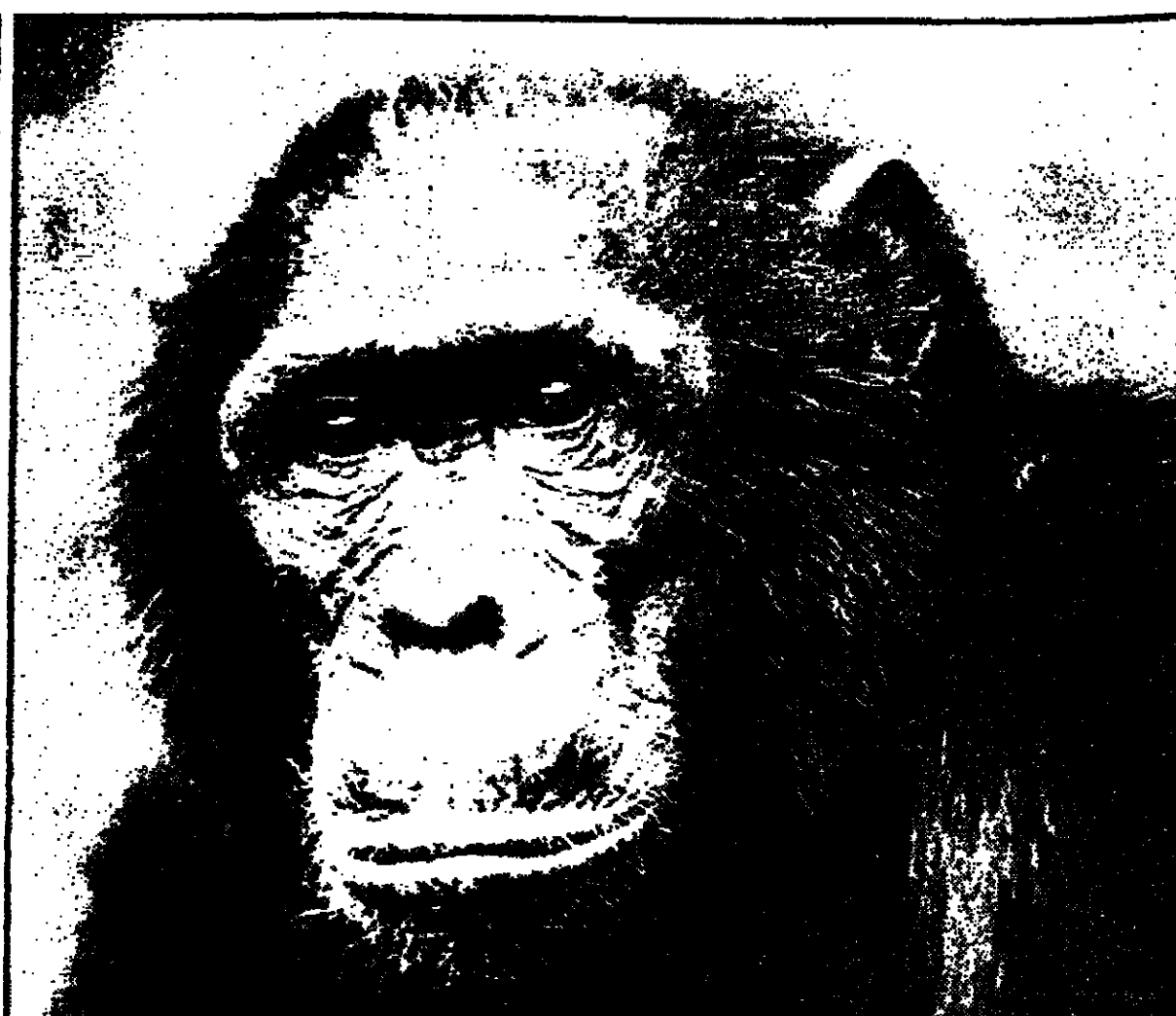
weekly review

SEPTEMBER 19 1971

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'There is a great deal in chimpanzee social relationships to remind us of our own behaviour — more, perhaps, than many of us would care to admit': Jane Goodall describes the complex social life of the chimp community, and how one 'strong man' became its dominant member...

Photographs by Hugo van Lawick

HOW MIKE TOOK OVER FROM GOLIATH

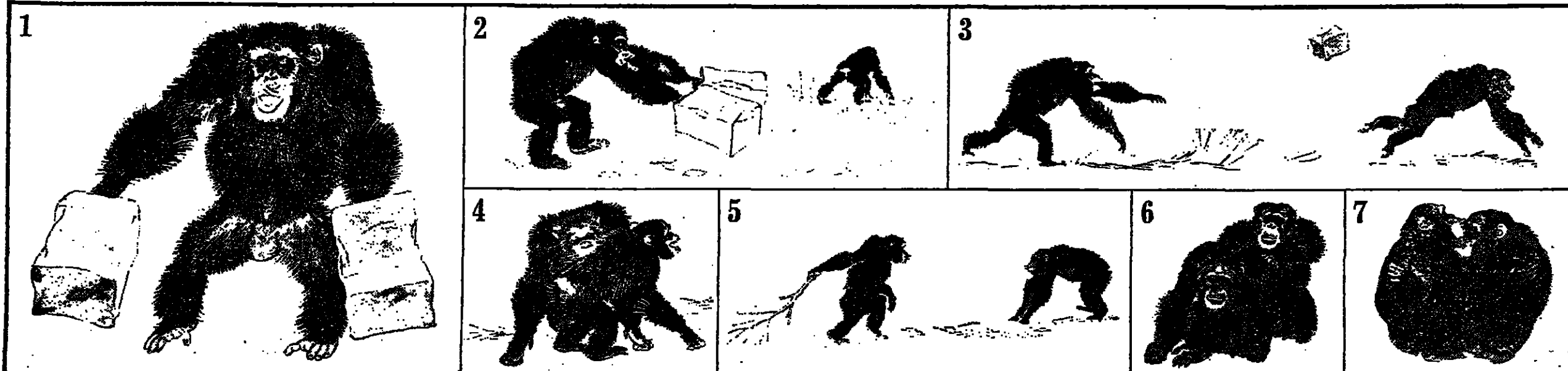
MIKE'S RISE TO THE NUMBER one or top-ranking position in the chimpanzee community was both interesting and spectacular. In 1963 he had ranked almost bottom in the adult male dominance hierarchy. He had been the last to gain access to bananas, and had been threatened and actually attacked by almost every other adult male. Indeed, at one time he had appeared almost bald from being so many handfuls of hair being pulled out by the other males during aggressive incidents with his fellow apes.

When Hugo and I had left the Gombe Stream at the end of that year, before our marriage, Mike's position had not changed: yet when we returned, four months later, we found a very different Mike.

There was one incident that I remember particularly vividly. A group of five adult males, including top-ranking Goliath, David Greybeard and the huge Rodolf, were grooming each other—the session had been going on for some twenty minutes. Mike was sitting on his own about thirty yards from them, frequently staring towards the group, occasionally idly grooming himself.

All at once Mike calmly walked over to our tent and took hold of an empty paraffin can by the handle. Then he picked up a second can and, walking upright, returned to his place, from which he continued to stare towards the other males.

After a few minutes he began to rock from side to side. At first the movement was almost imperceptible; then gradually he rocked more vigorously, his hair slowly began to stand erect, and, softly at



Mike's takeover technique: 1-3, charging displays with paraffin cans; 4, attacking youngsters at the slightest provocation; 5, brandishing branches (and throwing rocks). The result 6-7, mutual grooming and final submission from his rival Goliath. Specially drawn for The Sunday Times by Maurice Wilson

first, he started a series of pant-hoots.

As he called, Mike got to his feet and suddenly he was off, charging towards the group of males, hitting the two cans ahead of him. The cans, together with his crescendo of hooting, made the most appalling racket: no wonder the erstwhile peaceful males rushed out of the way.

Mike and his cans vanished down a track and, after a few moments, there was silence. Some of the males reassembled and resumed their interrupted grooming session, but the others stood around somewhat apprehensively.

After a short interval that low-pitched hooting began again, followed, almost immediately, by the appearance of the two rickety cans with Mike close behind them. Straight for the other males he charged, and once more they fled. This time, even before the group could reassemble, Mike set off again: but he made straight for Goliath—and even he hastened out of Mike's way like all the others.

Then Mike stopped and sat, all his hair on end and breathing hard. His eyes glared ahead and his lower lip was hanging slightly down so that the pink inside showed brightly and gave him a wild appearance.

Rodolf was the first of the males to approach Mike, uttering soft pant-grunts of submission, crouching low and pressing his lips to Mike's thigh. Then he began to groom Mike, and two other males approached, pant-grunting, and began to groom him also. Finally David Greybeard went over to Mike, laid one hand on his groin, and joined in the grooming.

Only Goliath kept away, sitting on his own and staring towards Mike. It was obvious that Mike constituted a serious threat to Goliath's hitherto unchallenged supremacy.

Mike's deliberate use of man-made objects was probably an indication of superior intelligence. Many of the adult males had, at some time or another, dragged a paraffin can to enhance their charging displays, in place of the more normal branches or rocks; but only Mike apparently had been able to profit from the chance experience and learned to seek out the cans deliberately to his own advantage.

The cans, of course, made a great deal more noise than a branch when dragged along the ground at speed, and, after a while, Mike was actually able to keep three cans ahead of him at once for about sixty yards as he ran flat out across the camp clearing. No wonder that the males, previously his superiors, rushed out of his way.

Charging displays usually occur when a chimpanzee becomes emotionally excited; when he arrives at a food source, joins up with another group or when he is frustrated. But it seemed that Mike actually planned his charging displays—almost, one might say, in cold blood. Often, when he got up to fetch his cans, he showed no visible signs of frustration or excitement—that came afterwards when, armed with them, he began to rock from side to side, raise his hair, and hoot.

Eventually Mike's use of paraffin cans became dangerous for he learned to hurl them ahead of him at the close of a charge—once he got me on the back of my head, and once he hit my husband Hugo's film camera. We decided to remove all the cans and, for a while, went through a nightmare period since Mike tried to drag about all manner

of other objects. Finally he had to resort to branches and rocks like his companions.

By that time, however, his top-ranking status was assured, although it was fully another year before Mike himself seemed to feel quite secure in his position. He continued to display very frequently and vigorously, and the lower-ranking chimps had increasing reason to fear him, for often he would attack a female or youngster viciously at the slightest provocation.

AS MIGHT BE EXPECTED, A tense relationship prevailed between Mike and the ex-dominant male, Goliath, who did not relinquish his position without a struggle. His displays also increased in frequency and vigour, and he too became more aggressive.

Indeed, there was a time, towards the start of this battle for dominance, when Hugo and I feared for Goliath's sanity. After attacking a couple of youngsters and charging back and forth dragging huge branches, he would sit, his hair on end, his sides heaving from exertion, a froth of saliva glistening at his half-open mouth, and a glint in his eyes that, to us, looked not far from madness. We actually had a weld-mesh iron cage built, and when this had been set up in camp, we retreated inside when Goliath's temper was at its worst.

One day, when Mike was sitting in camp, a series of distinctive rather melodious pant-hoots, with characteristic quavers at the close, announced the return of Goliath who had been away to the south for two weeks. Mike responded immediately, hooting and charging across the clearing. Then he climbed a tree and sat staring over the valley, every hair on end.

A few minutes later Goliath appeared and, as he reached the outskirts of the camp clearing, began one of his spectacular displays. He must have seen Mike, for he headed straight for him, dragging a huge branch. Then he leapt up into a tree and was still.

For a moment Mike stared towards him and then he too began to display, swaying the branches of his tree, swinging to the ground, hurling a few rocks and, finally, climbing up into Goliath's tree and swaying the branches there. When he stopped Goliath immediately reciprocated, swinging about in the tree and rocking the branches.

Presently, as one of his wild leaps took him quite close to Mike, Mike too displayed, and for a few unbelievable moments both of the splendid male chimpanzees were swaying branches within a few feet of each other until I thought the whole tree must crash to the ground. But an instant later both chimps were on the ground, displaying in the undergrowth. Finally they stopped and sat, staring at each other. It was Goliath who moved next,

standing upright as he rocked a sapling; when he paused Mike charged past him, hurling a rock and drumming with his feet, on the trunk of a tree.

This went on for nearly half an hour: first one male and then the other displayed, and each performance seemed to be more vigorous, more spectacular, than that preceding it. Yet during all this time, apart from occasionally hitting one another with the ends of the branches they swayed, neither chimpanzee actually attacked the other.

Suddenly, after an extra long pause, it seemed that Goliath's nerve broke. He rushed up to Mike, crouched beside him with loud, nervous pant-grunts, and began to groom him with feverish intensity. For a few moments Mike ignored Goliath completely: then he turned and, with a vigour almost matching that of Goliath, began to groom his vanquished rival. And there they sat, grooming each other without pause, for over an hour.

That was the last real duel between the two males. From then on it seemed that Goliath accepted Mike's superiority, and a strangely intense relationship grew up between the two. They often greeted one another with much display of emotion, embracing or patting one another, kissing each other in the neck, after which they usually started grooming each other.

During these grooming sessions it appeared that the tension between them was eased, soothing by the close, friendly physical contact. Afterwards they sometimes fed, or rested quite close to each other, looking peaceful and relaxed as though the bitter rivalry of the past had never been.

Indeed, it is one of the most striking aspects of chimpanzee society that creatures who can so quickly become roused to frenzies of excitement and aggression can, for the most part, maintain such relaxed and friendly relationships with each other.

WOULD MIKE HAVE BECOME the top-ranking male if I, and my paraffin cans, had never invaded the Gombe Stream? We shall never know, of course, but I suspect he would have, in the end. For Mike has a strong desire for dominance, a characteristic marked in some individuals and almost entirely lacking in others.

Over and above this, Mike has unquestionable intelligence — and amazing courage, too. I shall never forget the time, soon after Mike had become the uneasy top-ranking male, when some of the other high-ranking males turned on him, Mike had charged into camp, hurled a few rocks, and, in passing, briefly pounded on David Greybeard.

David Greybeard, in some ways, was a coward for he nearly always tried to avoid trouble and, when he

couldn't, he usually tried to hide behind a higher-ranking companion, such as Goliath. But when he became really roused he could be a very dangerous chimpanzee.

On this occasion David, after running, screaming, away from Mike, turned and began to utter loud, fierce-sounding waa barks. He hurried over to Goliath and embraced him, then turned and again shouted towards Mike. By this time Hugo and I knew David well, and it was obvious that he was furious.

Suddenly David ran forward a short way towards Mike and, immediately, Goliath joined him, adding

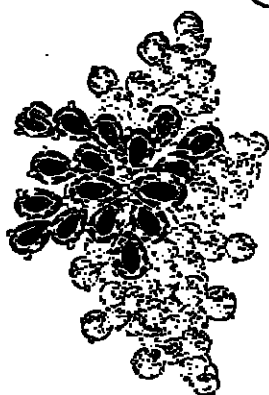
his own fierce call to that of his friend. Mike began to display, charging across the clearing towards another group of males. They fled, screaming, but then, as David and Goliath were still calling, they joined in too.

Now it was five strong adult males, including the once top-ranking Goliath, against one. Again Mike charged across the clearing, and all at once, with David in the lead, the others were after him. Mike, screaming now, rushed up a tree, and the others followed. Hugo and I felt sure that this was the

continued on next page

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Cyril Connolly discusses the contrasting worlds of two Catholic writers HAIR-SHIRT AND HAPPINESS

and young Catholic novelists are created by a chasm. For instance, Graham Greene, who is still alive, belongs to the modern world of self, insecurity, wars and revolutions, and the late Marie Belloc Lowndes, that of the *abbeur de terre* and Pax Britannica. One is a convert stretches his religion to the limits of orthodoxy, the other a serene Catholic, sister of Hilary Belloc, of Maurice Barling and Chesterton. Both share an interest in the history of the Catholic Church, and Mrs Belloc Lowndes wrote a novel about Jack the Ripper, *The Lodger*, as famous in its day as *Light on Rock*.

used to dine with her sometimes. Her food, amusing people, the less manifesting a passionate interest in human behaviour and an expert in affairs of the heart, though in a detached and easy manner. She was like Hemingway's old lady or an Agatha Christie, and murders seemed there a part of the game at which she played. She had stood by Wilde and frequented the Asquith circle; she not brilliant like Rebecca West but fool either. I wonder what she had made of Graham Greene.

remember him at Oxford, where were contemporaries. He seemed so much alone and to wear a pensive look, like a service chief who has the sole knowledge of some national disaster, or like the only survivor from it. In his autobiography *Sort of Life* (Bodley Head, £1.50) tells us he was drunk all day—on—but he did not give that impression. I think his cold blue and slightly aberrant eyes, his drawn face, gave the picture. I wish I had not been read by it and had made a friend of him.

my question is answered. In introduction to her *Diaries and Letters, 1911-47* (Chatto and Windus, pp. 304) Mrs Belloc Lowndes' daughters (one is married to a guinean man of letters who edited English paper in Lisbon) write: "Intensely interested in literature and art of writing, Mrs Belloc Lowndes was a good friend to many young men whose work she admired and who were downcast by their initial lack of success. When Mr Graham Greene, a young man published 'The Man in the Hat', Marie Belloc Lowndes at once listed that a major writer had appeared."

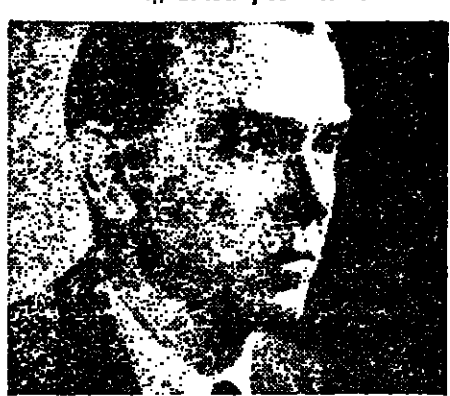
Graham Greene's *A Sort of Life* does go much beyond this "success-me," though he does take it down "stamboul Train" (1932). Whereas "one Waugh never looked back after—none might almost say since 1926, his pre-Raphaelite researches well known even before *Line and Fall*—I don't suppose Graham Greene became famous until *Light on Rock*" (1938). His early failure to provide him with a salary although he lacked the expensive tastes of so many of his contemporaries (his sales rose only by a sand from his first novel to his).

suppose one might call *A Sort of Life* a frustrating book: the general is rather tepid, as if he had left little bit too late and was not entirely concerned with himself young to pass on much enthusiasm to the reader. The other way to put it is that while

it emerges clearly that Graham Greene was a neurotic, that he tried to commit suicide, was suspected of epilepsy, was even psychoanalysed as well as being a manic-depressive, a German spy and a member of the Communist Party, all before leaving Oxford—was in fact a rebel and premature drop-out—he does not even now understand the springs of his rebellion or his vein of self-destructiveness. How did this member of a large, intelligent and affectionate family become a Baudelaire? We observe him, as he observes himself, from the outside, recording a case-history for which some of the key data are lacking. We re-read the story of



Marie Belloc Lowndes in 1932: "She loved the world," Belloc, Graham Greene: "ingrained pessimism"



his Russian roulette with a revolver with one loaded chamber, but each time he spins the barrel we are less clear as to his motive.

His childhood is conventional enough. As the son of the headmaster of Berkhamstead, where Peter Quennell and Claud Cockburn were also pupils, he read the same boys' books, developed the same feelings about water, shrubberies, potting sheds, was afraid of bats, disliked dormitories and boys' lavatories, was mildly bullied and wrote his way out of it. (He deprecates all his literary activities to such an extent that we are surprised to find that he was ever published.) His university career was uneventful, so was his love-life: his grand passion was for a family governess, he married young and became a Catholic to win his wife.

His happiest years seem to have been spent as a sub-editor on *The Times*, and he gives a very pleasant picture of a womb-like atmosphere where "no one was ever sacked or resigned" and where, by the way, Mrs Belloc Lowndes' husband was then working.

But happiness was thrown away for the illusion of a novelist's career, a career whose rewards were not to come till many years later when his ingrained pessimism would hamper his capacity for enjoying them.

In later life he has treated sick countries, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Liberia as chambers in the revolver he holds to his head. He fires and the result is not leprosy, torture or a bullet in the brain, but another best seller. I found I enjoyed his autobiography more and more as his childhood receded, and I wish he could have brought it up to the last war with *The Times* being balanced by the *Spectator*.

Boredom oppressed him as severely as his contemporary Day-Lewis. One more spin and his epitaph could have been "mort sur le champ d'Ennuï."

Boredom seemed to swell like a balloon in the head; it became a pressure inside the skull; sometimes I feared the balloon would burst and I would lose my reason. It was the fear of boredom which took me to Tabasco during the religious persecution, to a leprosy in the Congo, to the Kikuyu reserve during the Mau-mau insurrection, to the emergency in Malaya and to the French war in Vietnam. The smell of opium is more agreeable than the smell of success.

Not for Marie Belloc Lowndes. She loved the world, and her diaries are repositories for the wildest gossip and rumours, especially in wartime. How many times did she record that Germany was beaten, broke, or on the verge of revolution, both in 1914 and 1918? "He said he thought the war would end in July" (1915).

"Germany has lost 4 cruisers and 20-30 destroyers off the Dogger Bank." "The Germans had no ammunition and no money to pay for it." "Germany is on the brink of bankruptcy" (Henry James, February, 1915); "Winston Churchill says he expects a fleet of a hundred Zeppelins to leave for England on the eve of the German Emperor's birthday... thirty will reach London and he estimates the casualties at 10,000-12,000." Her account of the abdication is an agreeable mixture of gossip and observation with more understanding of Mrs Simpson than is to be found in the diaries of Chips Channon or Harold Nicolson.

While we read *A Sort of Life* to get to know better an outstanding writer, we enjoy the *Diaries and Letters* because they soothe us in the small hours with their reminiscences of the great and with Marie Belloc Lowndes' own flashes of insight.

The kind of brilliance, utter lack of morality and easy-goingness of the Asquith family as a whole, spoils the men who frequent this circle for any other kind of life. Everything seems "flat" and "stupid" after the Asquiths. They have one horror, i.e., "a bore."

She (Margot Asquith) was a terrible example of the effect of always thinking of money and longing for what only money can buy. . . . She could not conceal what she was feeling.

I think what has impressed me most in my life of observation of human beings is the lies that are told with reference to the relations of men and women.

I have copied out, as did Asquith himself, a sentence of his daughter Violet here quoted:

Life is so short and death so certain and when death comes the silence and separation are so complete, that one can never make too much of the ties and affections and relationships which bind us to the living.



Marianne Faithfull: on the way back from Press-headlines to an all-round career

FAITHFULL IN HER FASHION

Philip Oakes interviews a pop-singer turned actress

A FUNNY THING happened on the way to the Pyramids. It was four o'clock in the morning. The light lay heavily on the desert. And there was Marianne Faithfull swathed in grey chiffon, slinking her way around the Sphinx.

Movie business, naturally, but not with a cast of thousands. The film—still shooting—was Kenneth Anger's *Lucifer Rising*, inching its way towards completion on a mini-budget of £25,000. Half the cash has come from West German TV; the rest from our very own National Film Finance Corporation. Apart from Miss Faithfull, who plays Lilith, the cast includes Donald Cammell (co-director of *Performance*) as Osiris, and a Canadian named Hayden Cooté as Lucifer.

What they're all doing is hard to say. There's no real script. The film exists largely in Anger's head as a ceremony, a ritual almost, which he's been nurturing for years. Last week they pitched camp at Echtenstein in Germany where there's a pre-Christian temple embedded in a spectacular rock formation (a cross, says Miss Faithfull, between Stonehenge and the Grand Canyon). Other sequences have been filmed at Anger's flat, and the final product promises to be as rich and rare as his other movies—notably *Scorpio Rising*, and *Invocation of My Demon Brother*—which notch up steady returns on the underground and university circuit.

Marianne Faithfull's last film was *Girl on a Motor Cycle*, in which she zoomed along the autobahn, naked beneath a black leather suit, to meet her lover, Alain Delon. She came to a sticky end in the last reel, in a crash almost as spectacular as the calamities which subsequently

mauled her private life and her professional career. It comes as a shock to realise that she's only twenty-four.

The Kenneth Anger film came up after she'd been offered a part in a Hammer horror movie. The offer was withdrawn after the insurance company scanned her accident-prone past and declined to take the risk. "I can see why. But most of what happened to me was because of ill-health, including a miscarriage at seven months. I think I understand my own frailty now. But it means that I have to work twice as hard to convince anyone that I have any talent at all. If I can finish this film without mishap, perhaps things will be different."

In a way, it's an act of faith. There's no doubt about Anger's talent as a director, but he tends to use actors as objects to be deployed in his own private strategy. "Exotic" would be one way to describe him, but Miss Faithfull finds him not at all daunting. She's the daughter of a baroness; her great-great-uncle was Baron Leopold Sacher-Masoch, who (reluctantly) lent his name to masochism; and as the consort of superstars (an experience she describes pretty tartly) she has weathered some stormy headlines.

She's not certain where the adventure with Anger will lead, but it's an interesting trip. "As Lilith, all that I'm sure about is that grey is my colour scheme. I wear some fantastic clothes designed by Laura Jameson; grey

chiffon, grey velvet, grey silver-fox. Grey skin, too. Kenneth discovered the ghost makeup from *Blithe Spirit*, and my face and arms are all silvery."

"We did one sequence in Egypt in which I have to crawl towards a skull covered in Max Factor blood, perched on a cemetery wall. That, and slinking round the Sphinx. I kept wondering: what's the past tense of 'slink'? Is it 'slink', or is it 'slank'?"

It's the least of her worries. This week she's in Edinburgh rehearsing her part in Molière's *Le Misanthrope*, directed by Bill Braddon, with Jack Shepherd in the lead. The play opens for a four-week run next month, and for Miss Faithfull—an excellent Irina in the Royal Court production of *The Three Sisters*, and a touching Ophelia in Tony Richardson's *Hamlet*—it's another league on the road back.

"I've never played a funny part before, and I've simply got to show that I can do it. Honestly, I'm quite a good actor. And I mean actor—not actress, which somehow sounds all furs and diamonds. I've got a photographic memory, so there's no problem in learning my lines. In fact, I learn everyone else's too. It's probably the only thing I can do really well."

"In the past, though, when I've done a play the people I'm working with always seem to think it a bit odd. 'Are you making another record?' they ask, 'because that's really your

job isn't it.' And it's hard to convince them that I'm serious about acting."

In fact, she's utterly serious, but—after four years—she's back in the record business too. Her last single, *Sister Morphine*, was banned by the BBC ("They thought it was about drugs, although it was actually about a car crash"), but she is now planning a new album to be produced by Mike Leander.

"All I know is that it will be very musical; I don't think singers concentrate enough on the music. There will be long passages in which I don't sing at all. It's not going to be a pretentious superstar thing, because—you can laugh—but what I want to be, in inverted commas, is an all-round entertainer. I don't want to be phoney-hip. No more flag-waving. I just want to work. I need the money. And what's more important, I enjoy it."

In a way, it's a kind of abdication: a hopeful goodbye to all that. "I don't feel really to blame for all those headlines in the past. Really, I'm quite pure. I've not had so many lovers. It's simply that they were over-published. I'm quite poor now. In the old days I had access to a lot of money, but I never felt it was mine. It's like going back to square one. I grew up very poor. I happened to get a good education: a charity education, but excellent. But it's what I've learned in the past couple of years that's important. My son Nicholas is five now, and he's just started to ride a bike. The other day I took off the stabiliser and let him go. He managed beautifully, and I thought how marvellous, you can do it on your own. Now it's my turn."

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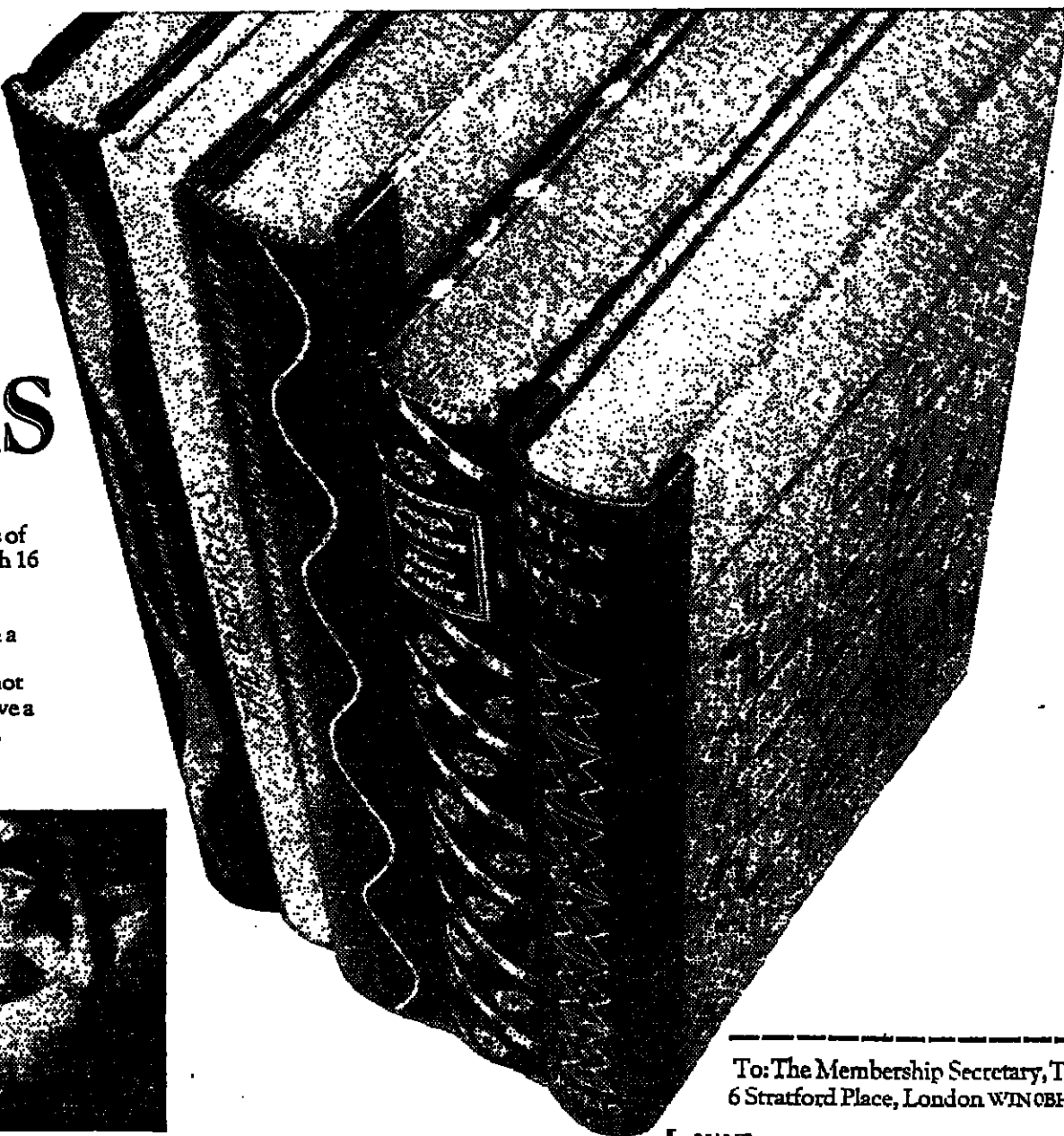
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LIVE in a frightened and not for the first time in human history. Projects of man are having a field-day, and no wonder. Luckily the comic spirit expands the same time; merciful derision offers a safety-valve and a sense of perspective to our antics. Last week two farces of two theatres augmented the London scene's therapeutic pleasures.

First, the obverse of tragedy, puts ourselves or our ostensible betters in thimble situations, heightening the pittingly possible to the point of chanting frenzy. Michael Pertwee's *Just Lie There, Say Something* (Harrick) is a clumsy vehicle; but its asinuous story, of a Cabinet Minister whose private life by no means buttresses a job (curbing the permissive society), tries to inspire some lively traditional rns, and one performance of transcendent splendour.

Fused now into a zany power which most topples over into a Proteus-like stria, Alfred Marks' talents—I am tempted to say genius—make his Sir William Mainwaring-Brown, MP, a separate and definitive portrait of a man etched upon the rack between public gravity and private exuberance. Tall, bulky, bald though fashionably justached, resonant, menacing and mercurial, he extrudes an alarming smile and a number of a currently very senior politician is of course purely accidental), ying out the trappings of amorous venture, he falls into a jauntily sexy nk, confronted by a new conquest he raised goldfish; pretending to be one his wife from a railway station, he backs upon an astounding cadenza of chancal clatter and station announce-

We should be grateful to Brian Rix for labrating his twenty-one years in farce offering us this towering delight, him-if-not for the first time—taking second act as a put-upon junior MP, though some an Australian ace, he tries to legs while dressed only in a punctured low-case.

The bully and the bullied, staple fare of farce as of the human condition, are also found at the Prince of Wales, where *Big Bad Mouse* is back in town. Here of course the play and its tale of office life of boss bewildered and clerk turned Casanova, is hardly even a vehicle, more an excuse for the stertorous outrage of Jimmy Edwards and the gangling resilience of Eric Sykes—a double dislocation of everyday, the extravagance of the plot itself exploded by the freewheeling improvisation and bit-ones; improving this of these accomplished and liberating clowns.

AFTER the explosive euphoria of farce, the constructive usefulness of comedy, Down at the Greenwich Theatre, Michael Frayn's *The Sandboy* strikes a chirpy blow for common sense. Evelyn Waugh, invited by this newspaper to choose one of the seven deadly sins, and wrote about it selected acridie, which he defined as "the refusal of joy." Mr Frayn holds up the same dismal self-indulgence to ridicule by showing us a truly lucky and successful young architect-planner who cannot really feel it wrong to enjoy the enjoyable things in his life, though infected enough by our puritan intellectual climate to feel guilty about doing so. "Some people have a sex problem," cries his hero, "I have a smugness problem."

As prizes and commissions tumble into his lap he worries away—"The meaning and purpose of life is to make life more meaningful." "I was happier when I was a fool," says Mr Frayn has taken the precaution of making a bit of a fool, baffled by his enigmatic wife (muted, not to say inaudible, Eleanor Brown), a simple-minded admirer of the natural man as represented by a visiting planner (Anthony Sagar, muscular, coarse-grained and uninhibited), and eventually brought to open rebellion by

the calls on his sympathy made by his neighbours, whose unflinching flow of misfortune enables them to prey upon his sympathy with a relentless alternation of tears and sullen scorn (which Avril Elgar and Patrick Allen project with relish and accuracy).

Joe Melia builds a splendid comic performance, splay-footed, eager-beaver, gleeful, apprehensive, from this bumbling jargon-ridden *homme moyen sensuel*; and with it supports the little play, which even in its brief two hours is badly overextended. It is full of excellent and pointed jokes as a pomegranate of pipe, but they are all variations on one theme; and Robert Chtwyn's direction cannot quite hold together the exhausting dispersal of the action, or convince us that the extra joke of pretending that it passes during the making of a television programme in our hero's home is remotely worth its repetitive while.

All but 300 years after its first performance George Etherege's *The Man of Mode* (Aldwych) is given by the Royal Shakespeare Company a production which provides a stimulating bitter-sweet evening, though lacking that last degree of confidence in the play which would make it an outstanding experience. Etherege, though entirely of the Court, was a notably naturalistic dramatist within the variety of texture aimed at by the earlier Restoration dramatists. But Timothy O'Brien's steel-framed surrealist set and his Tazewell Firth's timeless but King's Road-orientated costumes remove the play to that fairyland in which Lamb preferred to sterilise these self-consuming libertines of both sexes.

Terry Hands' direction, too, keeps over-laying the spare comic texture of the play with buffoonery and burlesque which slow things up and distort the line of the argu-

ment. Particular victims of this treatment are Vivien Merchant's Mrs Lovett, whose possessive rage and true infatuation are enmeshed into revue-sketch terms, and John Wood's Sir Popling Flutter, first-rate when allowed to be natural in his absurd fashion, but tremendously over-dressed even in terms of his own obsession, and required to swan about most unfun-

Yet there is much to enjoy (including John Dankworth's insinuating music). Alan Howard, after the initial handicap of a quite unnecessary nude bath, points up the rakish hero's charm and spite. Helen Mirren's pretty affinity up from the hated country, will clearly beat him at his own game; together they subtly lead the play to its famous open-ended conclusion; their marriage is as far removed from a conventional happy ending as it well could be, an unresolved chord at which Etherege seems to step back from his emotions, turn to the audience, and wave the curtain down with an amused, foreboding shrug.

MUCH of the Mermaid's *Othello* offers a clear-spoken, homospun, sombrely sparse performance. Keith Washington's Roderezo effectively eschewed any touch of the chinless wonder, Richard Durdan's Cassio was credibly both able and weak. Anthony Brown's Brabantio impressive in spite of having to potter about Venice in his night-gown—even as Jasmina Hilton's Bianca carried her swelling port throughout in the working rig of an Oulet Mail. Bruce Purchase's half-naked Othello gave us a strong and simple Moor until inept production got the better of him; Sarah Stephenson's Desdemona had the right touch of ex-deb bravado.

Sir Bernard Miles, however, selectively played two as unconvincingly sour, tipping the production steadily into comic melodrama—a decline accelerated by the much-publicised but otherwise unimportant nudility of Desdemona on her deathbed. A naked and naturally dead body taken on, so to speak, a life of its own when heaved about. As Othello, swaying, clutched it closely between his legs, his lugubrious inquiry "What's best to do?" demanded, and on the second night received, a ribald answer.

Wisdom for sale

JOHN PETER

BOTH black militants and noisy advocates of reparations should see *As Time Goes By* by Mustafa Matura (Theatre Upstairs). Its hero is Ram (nice, brashless performance by Stefan Kalipha) an amably ingratiating con-man from Trinidad who sets up as a swami and dispenses spiritual advice to unsuspecting fellow-immigrants. Off-stage his baby daughter bawls at inconvenient moments, and from time to time his wife appears to get on with domestic duties and pour contempt on Ram and his sham vocation.

The situation recalls the early stories of V. S. Naipaul: Mr Matura presents his characters with the same blend of irony and understanding. Indeed the first scene, which is a trifle too long, makes you wonder whether he isn't just going to have a nice time stringing folksy wisecracks together. Such worries evaporate with the arrival of Mark and Lucille, a pair of white drifters, who drop in and treat Ram to a dismal mixture of pseudo-psychology and name small-talk and then settle down to scrounge marijuana from him.

The fine thing about Mr Matura's writing is the way his boisterous comic sense goes hand in hand with an amused tolerance. He understands both the sponger and the sponged. The point of the play, indeed, is that all its characters are both: greed and gullibility are the great levellers of men whatever their colour. The message is neatly brought home in Roland Rees' tactful production: Robert Coleby and Carole Hayman play a sharp duet as the white scoundrels.

The Belgian National Theatre opened their brief season at the Old Vic with Ghelderode's *Pantagruel*: a comic grand-guignol about the lunacy of revolutions and the blinkered brutishness of those who suppress them. (The fact that Ghelderode was partly insane to write it by the events in Germany in 1919 explains his utter contempt for both sides.) Its eponymous hero, a latter-day holy fool, is a descendant of Don Quixote, for whom Ghelderode once confessed a deep-rooted admiration; and also of Schweik with whom he shares a healthy dislike of anything violent. Georges Bossard plays him with agile, toothy candour; and our own Frank Dunlop directs with a speed and deftness which gives this pleasantly garrulous play convincing satirical force.

Which is more than you get from the second Belgian offering, *The Seventh Commandment*: "Thou shalt steal... a bit less" by the Italian playwright Dario Fo—a moral farce about corruption and conformity every bit as ponderously arch as its title suggests. It somehow elicits two performances of quite awesome devotion from Anne Marex and André Cavalier by Stanley Eveling. Mr Eveling is at the moment best over short distances, and this piece of sexual disillusionment, sharply played out between a seedy narcissist (Neil Sizer) and his former mistress (Patricia Doyle) is astirringly effective.

At the King's Head, Islington (lunchtime), a wryly written, well-knit half-hour comedy, *The Laughing Cavalier* by Stanley Eveling. Mr Eveling is at the moment best over short distances, and this piece of sexual disillusionment, sharply played out between a seedy narcissist (Neil Sizer) and his former mistress (Patricia Doyle) is astirringly effective.

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Cardiff falls for Lulu

MUSIC □ FELIX APRAHAMIAN

RG'S Lulu in Wales? The very idea would have seemed a flight of fancy not long ago. But last Tuesday in Cardiff we were plunged triumphantly into the lurid of Wedekind's unhappy harlot and the living music with which Berg clothes a morality.

The Welsh National Opera gave the first production, in an excellent English version by Stuart Hood and Richard Armstrong. Just as Wagner has provided the Welsh Opera with its international duation exercise, so Berg's "Lulu" offers on the WNO a visiting card which can be conveyed with any "ratic" Intendant abroad. Clumsy riding of one or two props apart, there is style in the spectacle as well as in sound. Ralph Koltai's sparse sets—a ragerie for human monsters—balanced feckly with the florid costumes by da Blackwood.

Michael Celi's gripping production as its tempo from the score, and bases the Prologue its consistent view of u and her entourage as caged and aged animals. With the help of Berg's u-Suite, Mr Celiot makes an ingenious mpt at solving the problems posed by unfinished state of the opera, problem solved only by Frau Berg's eventual ase of Act Three of her husband's stierpiece. The Adagio of the Suite ompanies a mimed resumé of Lulu's by the animals within their cage after equally resourceful treatment of the "ations to trace Lulu's story to her l at the hands of Jack the Ripper. In international cast was led by Carole ley's really remarkable Lulu. In voice l action, she left little to the imaginat- Eric Garrett, a brash circus strong- and seedily decrepit Schizogel was y versatile. John Motenios (Dr Schon), ol Douglas (Awa), Ramon Remedios Painter), Paul Hudson (the Athlete) Janet Hughes (the Schoolboy), tims all, sang and played up to Mr lot's splendid exaggerations. The hero of the evening was James khart, who seemed to have mastered y note and nuance of Berg's score. His ish Philharmonia may be thought in e quarters a shop-window for engaging don players, but in "Lulu" he has deit them into a seasoned ensemble.

In Switzerland last week-end, two better-known British orchestras were honoured internationally by the coveted Prix Mondial du Disque de Montreux. Ten jurors representing eight different countries voted the three best records of the year to be Boulez's *Pelléas*, Ansermet's *Kierkegaard*, and Howard's *Kierkegaard*. The orchestras were Covent Garden and the New Philharmonia. By the way, I must apologise for taxing the guiltless LPO, last week, with an unconvincing performance at the Proms for which the BBC Symphony were responsible.

Despite his rubati and evident knowledge of the notes, Denis Vaughan made Wednesday's *Rigoletto* at the Coliseum seem to last longer than even the clock showed. Raymond Myers remains a convincing jester and Donald Pilley an obstinately undual Duke. Mary O'Brien, if not the ideal Gilda, has a voice to be watched. Robert Lloyd's Sparafucile and Clifford Grant's Monterone were well-drawn newcomers.

The modest dimensions and enchanting atmosphere of Abingdon's Unicorn Theatre enhanced its Opera Group's performance of Handel's "rustic opera." The Faithful Shepherd in an English version by Alan Kitching, who also produced. The music was realised with great style by a youthful cast of six and a dozen equally talented players under Nicholas Kraemer. His shapely handling of the score and ability to co-ordinate his forces—an orchestra above, not below, the stage, and singers to whom he was invisible—suggested gifts out of the ordinary.

On Friday night, Covent Garden's first seasonal Siegfried under Edward Downes rose to a fine final Act. Helge Brilioth, vocally poetic rather than idiosyncratic, with less volume than the traditional *Helden*, was a fair match for Amy Shuard's bright matutinal Brünnhilde, if out-weighted earlier by Donald McIntyre's Wanderer. John Dobson continues as a finely clear blime and Marius Rinzler as a rather noble-voiced Alberich. In timbre and tessitura, Teresa Cahill is that *terra zris*, Wagner's Woodbird, but shares with most of the species too distant a song, comprehensible only to heroes and gibberish to lesser mortals.



Zof Domanic

THE crafty photographs of that experienced artist Zof Domanic (the reverse of arty-crafty, however) may have been the starting-point for Frederick Ashton, a Choreographer and his Ballets" (Harrap, £4.50) and they form an incomparable record of Frederick the Great's achievement over the years; but under the spur of her collaborator John Selwyn Gilbert the book turned into something more than a pictorial record. The collected utterances of Ashton's friends, colleagues and interpreters are of such interest and so enlightening, that they amount to a totally unexpected essay in biography. While Ashton's own contribution, in the form of tape-recorded reminiscences, are so frank, racy and revealing of his early struggles and creative impetus that they must constitute the gold-ore for future biographical prospectors.

Stunning Shostakovich

LIVERPOOL □ PHILIP RADCLIFFE

THE Royal Liverpool Philharmonic orchestra opened their new season last week with the first performance in Western Europe of the 13th Symphony of Shostakovich. André Previn and the LSO will present it to London concert-goers this week. The words that stirred Shostakovich to a stunning score came from the poet Yevyushenko. They defied the authorities by recalling the Soviet reign of terror, the massacres of the Jews at Babi Yar, the depression and weariness and fear of ordinary people. Optimism lies in the State's inability to suppress humour, hope in the certainty that artistic creation and scientific discovery outlast all.

Shostakovich describes five poems, alternately heart rending and hopeful, the last three running on. It is a thoughtful and evocative work, faithful to the words even to providing sound

effects, but leaving room to create its own impact. From the brooding opening, with its discords and tolling bells, there is a build-up through straining strings to a nerve-racking staccato. It softens and yields to the grotesque gollity of the crowds at Babi Yar. "Kill the Yids—save our Russia." Again later, the lyrical innocence illustrating a reference to Ann Frank's followed by militaristic instrumentation with shattering effect. It is not quite all gloom. A melodic pizzicato interlude for instance prepares us for the proclamation of artistic immortality.

Charles Groves, who engineered the coup, drove his orchestra with the sort of uninhibited certainty and finesse that come from devoted preparation. In John Stainer-Quick he found a soloist able to cope with the Russian text and in fine voice.

Paths of glory

DANCE
RICHARD BUCKLE

NO TWO COMPANIES could be more different than Festival Ballet, packing them in for well-tried favourites in the vast Festival Hall, and Ballet Rambert pursuing its experimental path for quite another kind of audience at the tiny Jeannette Cochrane. We cannot but admire them both.

Monday night was a sell-out on the South Bank for a bill comprising three Fokine ballets from the earliest years of Diaghilev and a *pas de deux* from even further back, *Saintova*, made a winsome *Ballerina Doll* in "Petrushka." Prokofiev in the title-role was much improved, though I think he must always seem too big. There was some fine dancing in "Les Sylphides."

In "Scheherazade" Lilliana Cusi brought imperial elegance to the role of Zobeide, and Dudley von Loggenburg was the flashing, sinuous Slave.

What a contrast was Rambert's opening programme on Thursday! Jonathan Taylor's 16th-century romp "Tis Goodly Sport" seems to have gained extra dimensions of subtlety and comedy, with Paul Taras in drag, Lucy Burge new to the role of the bawdy apparition in a night-gown, and Joseph Scoglio very impressive in a moody solo. John Chesworth's Pink Floyd ballet, "Pawm to King 5" remains murky and obscure.

Any new work by Glen Tetley demands our respect. "Rag-Dances," to compelling music by Anthony Hymas for piano and violin, is weird with some striking moments. Against Nadine Baylis' set of ragged drapes, which suggests some subterranean madhouse, a couple in pastel-coloured evening dress whirl and waltz, other dancers in frayed jeans come and go, and Jonathan Taylor, jangling chains at his waist, rattles the maraca concealed in his breast and falls to ascend a hanging ladder. Are we in purgatory?

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Because of the cancellation of the RSC's scheduled production of TIMON OF ATHENS at Stratford-upon-Avon, there are changes in the repertoire from 21 September to 11 December. The following productions will now replace the advertised performances of *Timon*:

MERCHANT OF VENICE
on Sep 23, 24, Oct 6, 16 (mat), 29
MUCH AD ABOUT NOTHING
on Sep 25 (mat) Oct 2, 22 Nov 4

OTHELLO
on Sep 21, 22, 27, 28 Oct 15, 21 Nov 6 Dec 4, 10

RICHARD II
on Oct 9 (mat) Nov 10, 24, 30

HENRY V
on Oct 27 Nov 19, 26

Patrons who have booked for *Timon of Athens*, and who do NOT wish to see the substituted play, are asked to return their tickets to the Box Office and claim a refund without delay; all requests for refunds must be received before the date for which the refund is claimed. *Henry V* and *Richard II* are Theatreground productions at reduced prices; patrons who wish to see these plays instead of *Timon of Athens* should claim a partial refund from the Box Office.

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The Merchant of Venice

William Shakespeare

Production Jonathan Miller
Scenery & Costumes Julia Trevelyan Oman
Lighting Robert Ormbo
Music Carl Davis

October
20, 21 (m), 21, 22, 23 (m), 23, 25
November
3, 4 (m), 4, 5, 6 (m), 6, 8

A performance of stunning magnitude
Sunday Telegraph

The Captain of Köpenick

Carl Zuckmayer
adapted by John Mortimer

Production Frank Dunlop
Designed by Karl von Appen and Manfred Grundt
Music Michael Lankester

Lighting John B Read
September
28, 29, 30 (m), 30

October
1, 2 (m), 2, 4, 26, 27, 28 (m), 28, 29, 30 (m), 30

November
1, 2, 23, 24, 25 (m), 25, 26, 27 (m), 27

Paul Scofield... a tremendous comic performance
Daily Mail

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A Woman Killed With Kindness

Thomas Heywood

Production John Dexter
Scenery & Costumes Jocelyn Herbert
Lighting Andy Phillips
Music Marc Wilkinson

October
12, 13, 14 (m), 14, 15, 16 (m), 16, 18
November
17, 18 (m), 18, 19, 20 (m), 20

Anthony Hopkins... a thrilling performance
The Times

Joan Plowright... perhaps her most moving performance
Daily Telegraph

The National Health

Peter Nichols

Production Michael Blakemore
Scenery & Costumes Patrick Robertson
Lighting Robert Bryan
Music Marc Wilkinson

October
6, 7 (m), 7, 8, 9 (m), 9

November
9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16

Penetratingly comic and intelligent...
stunning production... enough to make you die laughing
Observer
Sun

Fly away Peter

BIRDS OF AMERICA by Mary McCarthy/Weidenfeld & Nicolson £1.75
THE HOME by Penelope Mortimer/Hutchinson £1.75
SUNDAY BEST by Bernice Rubens/Eyre & Spottiswoode £1.95
THE PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER by Piers Paul Read/Alison Press £2.25
GOSHAWK SQUADRON by Derek Robinson/Heinemann £1.75
JOHN WHITLEY

day the Americans bomb North Vietnam, collapses, and is rescued by his mother. Nature is dead but Peter, an apprentice owl learning clumsily and with humility, will get by. Miss McCarthy has made the chronicle of his development into a masterpiece of style. Their form of novel may be "old-fashioned" but they respect that form enough to exclude all waffle, trickiness and most of the traps of sentimentality in pursuit of the truth. Here is Eleanor, the heroine of Mrs Mortimer's new novel *The Home*, watching her estranged husband ruin a restaurant party celebrating their daughter's wedding.

So much, as Thoreau might say, for natural law, and Peter is still trying to reconcile old-fashioned pursuit of goodness with the circumstances of 1964 when, aged nineteen, he arrives in Paris to study. Immediately the moral problems multiply: should he buy from the PX, should he except the friendship of a Birchite American general, should he let his friend, if he can, be a part of the Parisian life, or should he stay in the "unhappy city"? This is a problem which is perhaps the high point of the book, perfectly attuned to the writer's style, funny and expressed by turns, it is a virtuoso demonstration of the philosophies of equality, liberalism, evolution and the Fifth Republic, sheer pleasure to read.

Thereafter poor Peter's scene strictly boyish, a truce, apart from a Roman interlude invaded by a pompous and hillstrine sociologist), worrying out clichés and failing for a vegetarian girl, who goes to hankering dinner determined to refuse the turkey. Eventually she has a rather melodramatic encounter with a savage swan the



Mary McCarthy: witty and tender

her own mother, the stiff-necked matriarch whose character-building has ruled her whole life. It's another of those marvellously exact and unsparring portraits of middle-aged loneliness, rather closer to "The Pumpkin Eater" in the sense of its domestic situation—Eleanor has had a home and family and so her loss is perhaps greater than the heroine of "My Friend says It's Bullet-proof." Yet the mood of the book is far from depressing. Eleanor sees her husband and children drift away from her with a sort of grim gaiety, she is capable of joy on a trip—half farce, half idyll—to Greece with the youngest boy, Philip, an English Peter Levi determined to flee the nest. Even Eleanor's ultimate plunges into the lower depths—encounters with a dreadful American cummilingus enthusiast and a Lesbian pick-up—retain the

savage hilarity and the unwavering sense of the ridiculous that distinguishes all Miss Mortimer's heroines and makes one return to her novels again and again.

Bernice Rubens comes a lively third in this company with *Sunday Best*, a rambling monologue by a middle-aged teacher who finds his penchant for dressing up in his wife's clothes leading him step by step into female dress. The rather drawn-out discussions of the psychological implications and the side-trucking into childhood stretch what is really a sharp and funny observation piece interspersed with tart homilies in the manner of William Trevor. Miss Rubens is especially good writing straight faces about a day at school and in the creation of a Baroque detective with a severe attack of fallibility.

From Thirties Germany in "The Junkers" and the English public school of Monk Dawson, Piers Paul Read moves to contemporary, academic America in *The Professor's Daughter*: a sawn-off shotgun of a satire contrasting the seminars on politics conducted by Henry Rutgers with the actions of his family—unhappy, spoiled and hysterical daughter—and his pupils. Henry is liberal enough, in a wealthy, old-fashioned sense, while his old college pal Bill is a Goldwaterite Senator. Henry's students plot to kill Bill; Henry, torn between his abstract beliefs and his personal loyalties, is shot instead. Disillusioned, the students sign on the Eugene McCarthy circuit. The lack of any emotional colouring more subtle than black and white, the flat, throw-away style and the rather *Grand Guignol* action fail to give any original twist to the world of clichés.

With *Goshawk Squadron* Derek Robinson joins the growing number of those obsessed with the fictionalisation of the First World War—as if the reality wasn't fantastic enough. This is the episodic account of a fighter unit on the French front in 1918, a pack of all-too-sporting fledglings bullied into competence—and usually into death—by a twenty-three-year-old veteran. The sense of period seems authentic but the characters are presented with such flatness that the quick and the dead become inextricably confused; only occasionally, as in the riotous account of a drunken pilot's celebration in a village restaurant does one get a whiff of the black farce that such a story needs.

Through the looking-glass

THE NAIVE AND SENTIMENTAL LOVER by John le Carré Hodder & Stoughton £2.25
FREDERIC RAPHAEL

NOTHING fails like success, at least in books. Aldo Cassidy, the hero of John le Carré's unusual new novel, exemplifies once again the novelist's refusal to believe that zetting everything one wants can possibly be all that anyone wants. D. H. Lawrence once observed "Business is no good" and the doleful discontents of Aldo Cassidy, Chairman and Managing Director, confirm the judgment. He has got rich, fat and nearly forty in the baby-carriage trade, he rides around in a Bentley which is the cushioned apotheosis of his line, but his dark centre is sadly unfulfilled. Planning a squirearchical retreat for himself, he goes down to inspect a country property and there falls on and in love with a pair of super Bohemian squatters, who he can never quite believe are not the true heirs of the place.

Shamus and Helen are beautiful and reckless free spirits. Aldo is perfect bourgeois fodder for them and with Shamus as principal gobbler (he is *The One* of the two), they proceed to make a meal of him. Shamus initiates a series of cathartic blinks and encourages Aldo to confess his basest, most selfish desires, "the basecow," and to escape from the guilt-ridden, guilt-driven prison in which he is engaged. Aldo's insecurity and money-fetishism are nicely conveyed by his Proustian tendency to overplay; Shamus reminds him that the world's population is increasing by seventy million a year—an awful lot of people to keep sweet.

Helen, first seen deliciously naked, appears to be Shamus' devoted and infinitely indulgent admirer. Her husband is, after all, a genius—a "lost" novelist.

whose first book is legendary—and she is his patient acolyte. Aldo worships them at first together and later singly. Meanwhile Shamus shows all the zeal so typical of those who despise so typical of those who despise it, to be sure, with his shameless kisses (though there is nothing actually queer about him) and his cries of "Love you, lover!" He is boldly boozey, enchantingly profane and darkly beautiful, a perfect foil for the earnest, earnest, earnest contender for the title of Mr Universal Life Force.

Henry Miller and Kazantzakis used to coach aspirants to the same title. When they are not self-righteously bourgeois-baiting, they are crowing the cocks of Attica to life at some ungodly hour, whoring like bastards or putting waiters in their places. To fall under their spell is to start with *Guilty Days* in Cliché and end with *Noisy Nights* in Cliché. Shamus and Aldo begin as David and Jonathan, but by the time they reach Paris, where the Baby Carriage Show is taking place, they have devolved into self-confessed reincarnations of Burgess and Maclean, that joint alcoholic stain on the record of Our Betters.

On their return to the UK, a Jamesian situation develops: while Shamus wanes, Aldo grows stronger. He now dares to live his fantasies and finally makes off with a Helen seduced by the new "Businessman's" renege found virility. At the last moment,

however, Shamus's need and Aldo's conscience are too powerful. Aldo returns to his do-gooding graduate wife and the relationship Shamus has entered in his new novel "Three For The Road" fades into memory and then oblivion. Did Shamus and Helen ever really exist? Or is Shamus merely Aldo's private eye on the world, a wished for vision inevitably cataracted by affluent banality? This is one le Carré without a solution. We shall never know or, I fear, care.

The pleasures of this curious work are the incidentals. No one has a sharper eye for the sumptuous sleaziness of the easy life than Mr le Carré or knows better the nagging symptoms of surfeit. But without the purposeful scolding of a suspenseful plot, he meanders, in the words of the old solenism, like a river level to its source. He develops no flow and allows himself to spread out without achieving either profundity or form.

The Naive and Sentimental Lover is an interesting experiment and it is often painfully funny, but its tone is so world-weary whimsical and so cutely acute that there is something platitudinous, *deja vu* even in its originality. Paradoxically, entertainments like *The Spy Who Came in From the Cold* and *A Small Town in Germany* seem more serious, more passionate and more pertinent than this highly personal and doubtless genuine *cri de coeur*.

Pugilist poet

THE TIGER AND THE ROSE by Vernon Scannell/Hamish Hamilton £2.25
STANLEY REYNOLDS

the rose/Look in my heart, kind friends, and tremble, it is not a full autobiography. It ranges only from 1940, when he was an eighteen-year-old infantryman, to 1960 when he won the Heinemann Award for Literature. Within these twenty years he skips, in alternating chapters, called "Now" and "Then," from the moments of writing the book itself in his house in Dorset to his rough childhood in Nottingham, to the war in North Africa and Normandy, to pro boxing matches, and to deserting.

His desertion offers perhaps the nearest thing to a plot. Scannell, a frontline soldier, declared a private peace when the war with Germany ended. He felt even an inch more regimentation would have destroyed his poetic spirit. Oddly enough, the army court apparently thought he was a little crazy, not from shells, but because he wrote poems. He escaped military prison and was quickly discharged.

In those chapters when Scannell is on the run he gives us a good picture of the draft, immediately post-war London, all browns and greys and rather Orwellian except that Scannell has a mar-

vellous sense of humour. He and his brother, for example, go to France at one point hoping to get work picking grapes but every day they decide to stay just one more day in Paris and finally they have no money and when they go south there are no grapes to pick because it is August. This is, also, a moving chapter as well as a funny one because, without saying anything directly, Scannell is showing us what it was like to be twenty-nine and twenty-seven years old and to have missed a real youth because you were poor and then you were in the Army fighting a war.

The war recollections do not take up much space, however, and this is unfortunate because Scannell is very good here. There is a very unusual and powerful sense of describing the way it was with the assault troops on the eve of Normandy which is written perhaps as well as Tolstoy would have done it; certainly it is not in the manner of any contemporary writer. Very little is said and nothing really happens, yet the reader feels that this is the way it must really have been.

It is a rare gift but, unluckily, an unfashionable one at the moment. Just the same, this is such a readable book one feels sure it will bring new eyes to Scannell's Selected Poems, which is published at the same time as this autobiography by Allison & Busby (75p, hardback £1.25).

Sharp dressers

MR WOLFE and Mr Cohn are a couple of bright young literary men who are determined to tempt one to reach straight away for that past generation's pejorative, "smartypants."

Radical Chic & Mau-Mauing the Flak Catchers, by Tom Wolfe, is a former professional boxer as well as a poet. This does not imply that he is a giant loud-mouth, nor even a junior welter-weight mouth like Mr Mailer, but that he has the gift, rare in the poet, to understand and write about the physical and verbal side of the best critical parts of this autobiography is a study of the artistic side of boxing and the appeal it has to Mr Scannell.

Once again the new reader should be warned that Mr Scannell does not ball his fist and make faces like Hemingway and Mailer. He is a former professional boxer as well as a poet. This does not imply that he is a giant loud-mouth, nor even a junior welter-weight mouth like Mr Mailer, but that he has the gift, rare in the poet, to understand and write about the physical and verbal side of the best critical parts of this autobiography is a study of the artistic side of boxing and the appeal it has to Mr Scannell.

Mr Wolfe's essay begins with the handsome, name-dropping, gush of a parish magazine, a parish magazine written by the local poison pen, pretty funny. It then goes into social-political analysis which Mr Wolfe pegs on to *nostalgie de la boue*: this matches the lightness in weight of the rest of his text, but

RADICAL CHIC & MAU-MAUING THE FLAK CATCHERS by Tom Wolfe/Michael Joseph £1.80
TODAY THERE ARE NO GENTLEMEN by Nik Cohn Weidenfeld & Nicolson £2.50
WILLIAM COOPER

doesn't go deep enough for the apparent weight of his intentions. After that, though, the goings-on at the Bernsteins' super duplex write themselves like a dream, an hilarious dream. All the disputants end up inextricably entangled in intellectual impasses; black with white, white with black, black with black. "Mau-mauing the Flak Catchers" describes by groups of "militant" Blacks in San Francisco getting together to take the mickey out of second-grade "liberal" white administrators in City Hall underneath the surface of a display, caught by Mr Wolfe, of human behaviour at its absurdest and funniest.

As I happen to have an interest in clothes—mainly, I admit, as spin-off from a zoological interest in the birds, but to some extent on Mr Cohn's line, as a social phenomenon—I found his book interesting; but to anyone oblivious of the glossies and the King's Road, it must read like double-Dutch. Again I found the analytic peg-in to the case, people's desire to kick their heels up after the war—the right weight for the text but too light to get one very far in connecting with, say, a consumer society having to spin faster and faster.

Yet for nostalgia it's like reading a history of the movies. I remember drapes... The old stars: Cecil Gee, Bunty Rogers, Vincent... And the new: Lyttel Green. Mr Fish—whatever became of John Michael? Ah, the days, the flimsy, worthless, trifling days!

The Tiger and the Rose by Vernon Scannell

One of England's best contemporary poets relates honestly and movingly the turbulent experiences which lie behind the images of his verse £2.25

A Clean Slate by David Garnett

A novel by the author of *LADY AND THE FOX* £1.50

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Mrs. Munck Ella Leffland

"Extraordinary... powerful... alive and three-dimensional" £2.00

Catholic tastes

SHES TO ASHES by Emma Ithen/Gollancz £1.60
DMUND CRISPIN

THE COLLABORATION of two New England businessmen, as Latis and Miss Hennissart—abbreviation and amalgamation of Latis and Miss Hennissart—has been the clearest and most gaging manifestation of detective fiction proper to appear in the last decade, belonging firmly to the Austen tradition, of dry wit and elegant observation touched with farce, it has also in many ways evoked, at any rate in its aspect, recollections of other notable female collaborations, that of Somerville and Ross, and to this an unusually charming detective (top banker John Thatch), a novel background (Wall Street, with all that it implies), and shrewd plotting (often concerned with sinners or financial technicalities, but these so expertly handled to be never in the least tiresome or incomprehensible), and to have an *oeuvre* decorative as well as substantial—intelligent, entertaining, slightly comic, in the most impeccable old taste.

Ashes to Ashes, its twelfth volume, has to do with murder, arising out of local opposition to an arch-diocesan decision to close down St Bernadette's school and sell the land for development; in the subsequent etc., highly entertaining developments Thatch becomes involved because his bank, the San Guarany Trust, is granting a developer a four-million-dollar advance; and in all the best detective fiction, the solution comes as a satisfying surprise which we ought nevertheless to foresee. The accomplishment is as impressive as ever, if there is a deliciously funny aside when the Sloan has to be evacuated owing to a bomb ure.

Founding father

NEHRU: A Political Biography by Michael Edwardes/Allen Lane Penguin Press £3 pp 336
SASTHI BRATA

Perhaps this change of tone is an index of the magical fascination that Nehru in person exercised over his friends and listeners. The love that the liberal Left in Britain lavished upon Nehru was of the kind that God is said to have felt for Man: "For a creature created in His own image." The ingredients were all there: Harrow, Cambridge, a dash of Marx, upper-class arrogance, a pale skin and the lofty rhetoric of armchair socialism, combined to make him the darling of the New Statesman and the British Labour Party. No other Indian leader fitted the bill so admirably, and Nehru's status in the international community was always far higher than any effective power he wielded within his own party.

Mr Edwardes points out, correctly in my opinion, that the most powerful Indian politician, at the time of independence and after, was not Nehru, nor even Gandhi, but Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, India's first Deputy Prime Minister. He quotes Lord Mountbatten's letter to Attlee: "I am glad that Nehru has not been put in charge of the new States Department, which would have wrecked everything. Patel, who is essentially a realist and very sensible, is going to take it over." For it was Patel who smoothly assimilated the 500-odd princely states into the Indian Union and it is possible that had he not died in 1950, Kashmir would not remain a malignant political sore.

Mr Edwardes commands the British for being "an authoritarian government disguised by good manners." But he finds Nehru's own good manners and intentions paving the way to hell all through his political career. The partition of India, the war with Pakistan, the military conquest of Goa and the crushing humiliation at the hands of the Chinese (when a panic-stricken Nehru begged the US Government by cable to send aircraft to ward off the Chinese invaders—fact he concealed from his cabinet colleagues), are all attributed, directly or indirectly, to Nehru's pusillanimity, his lifelong weakness—the need for someone... to take the agony of major decisions from him.

It is a harsh verdict but not the final one. This book is essentially an exercise in the "higher journalism." It is neither an academic study nor an aggressive personal polemic. Mr Edwardes writes in a brisk, engaging style up to two-thirds of the way, then the pace slackens. A potted history of India in the final years of Nehru's rule follows. The interpretation of the Chinese debacle owes much to Neville Maxwell's "India's China War." And the conclusion fights shy of any overall evaluation.

Our September Books

Customs and Traditions of England (£2.50), is a lavishly illustrated guide by Garry Hogg, uniform with his very successful *Odd Aspects of England* (£1.75), and *Castles of England* (£2.25). Moving to a Book of Superstitions, this is a new impression of a popular book by Raymond Lamont Brown published earlier in the year (£1.25). Much of our list can be classified as history of one type or another, and this month's chronology begins with Jacques Bordaz's enterprising but scholarly *Tools of the Old and New Stone Age* (£1.95) which deserves to be read by more than professional archaeologists. For historians and collectors alike we have books on money and trade tokens: C R Josset's *Money in Great Britain and Ireland: A History of the Coins and Notes of the British Isles* (£4.20) and J R S Whitting's *Trade Tokens: A*

Social and Economic History (£2.75). For social historians, John Ford's *Prising Fighting: The Age of Regency Boxmaking* (£2.75), an incredible story colourfully but accurately told. We have just revised *The French* (£2), in our *How They Live and Work* series, for travellers, businessmen and schools, and we also publish a new edition of *The Great Western Railway in Dean: A History of the Railways of the Forest of Dean—Part Two* (£2.35) as well as publishing (by reproducing the author's corrected page proofs) for the first time Volume 2 of John Farey's *A Treatise on the Steam Engine, Historical, Practical and Descriptive* (£8.30), mysteriously suppressed on the author's death last century. And we've added another Jane's reprint to our list: *Jane's Fighting Ships 1944/45*, with full details of war losses Whitting's *Trade Tokens: A*

DAVID & CHARLES: Newton Abbot: Devon

and family gathering: Tsar Alexander III (centre) with the Tsaritsa on his right and her father, King Christian IX of Denmark (extreme right), on holiday in Fredensborg, Denmark. This is one of the illustrations in *The Romanovs* by Virginia Outley (Collins £4)



Catholic tastes

SHES TO ASHES by Emma Ithen/Gollancz £1.60
DMUND CRISPIN

THE COLLABORATION of two New England businessmen, as Latis and Miss Hennissart—abbreviation and amalgamation of Latis and Miss Hennissart—has been the clearest and most gaging manifestation of detective fiction proper to appear in the last decade, belonging firmly to the Austen tradition, of dry wit and elegant observation touched with farce, it has also in many ways evoked, at any rate in its aspect, recollections of other notable female collaborations, that of Somerville and Ross, and to this an unusually charming detective (top banker John Thatch), a novel background (Wall Street, with all that it implies), and shrewd plotting (often concerned with sinners or financial technicalities, but these so expertly handled to be never in the least tiresome or incomprehensible), and to have an *oeuvre* decorative as well as substantial—intelligent, entertaining, slightly comic, in the most impeccable old taste.

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John Selwyn Gummer M.P.

THE PERMISSIVE SOCIETY

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CASSELL

NB September 23 when George MacDonald Fraser's superb new Flashman may be found at any decent bookshop (including WHS); it's called Flash for Freedom! (£1.75 or wait 18 months for the paperback) and the arch rotter is deep in darkest Africa among topless savages. If you like Jeeves, the new one comes out on October 14, published to coincide with P. G. Wodehouse's 90th birthday. Much Obligated, Jeeves (£1.60) PGW reveals, at last, his hero's first name. At the same time we're reissuing the bumper Jeeves omnibus *The World of Jeeves* (£2.00) containing no less than 34 of the best stories. A goodish Christmas present for Uncle Willie "Infinitely agreeable"—D. Tel.). Finally *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, top of the U.S. bestseller lists for 6 months (one of the few recent occasions there when a good book has ousted the customary garbage; Lord Longford please note), Dec Brown's moving history of what the Americans did to the Red Indians ("Original, remarkable and finally heartbreaking... impossible to put down"—N. Y. Times), comes on September 30. As one Indian chief said: "They made us many promises... but they never kept but one; they promised to take our land, and they took it". 500 pages of vivid history for £3.50 (Literary Guild Alternative Choice).

Write for our catalogue. **BARRIE & JENKINS** 2 Clement's Inn London WC2A 2EP

the new **le Carré** September 20th

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One of England's best contemporary poets relates honestly and movingly the turbulent experiences which lie behind the images of his verse £2.25

A Clean Slate by David Garnett

A novel by the author of *LADY AND THE FOX* £1.50

The Pig got up and slowly walked away

Jack Ripley £1.75

Mrs. Munck Ella Leffland

"Extraordinary... powerful... alive and three-dimensional" £2.00

let's talk duvets

... "dooveys" or continental quilts, large bags filled with down, have been warming Europe for many years. While at home under three times the weight of sheets, blankets and eiderdown, we also sometimes need bedsocks. In a recent survey 90% of the poll found a duvet more comfortable, warmer yet cool enough in summer and far easier to bed make. Conventional bedmaking is hard work, children won't, husbands won't, why then should you? Unfortunately there isn't enough down in the world for everyone to save on bedmaking and what there is costs a fortune. So I.C.L. have invented a super new filling called "Terylene" P.3 which is lighter and warmer than feathers, dust free, non-allergenic, washable and cheaper!... and this is where Aeonics come in... we will wrap it in a Dorma lining and supply you a brand-new finished quilt at factory prices or pack it all up into a do-it-yourself kit that you can finish in under 1 hour. Now you can afford what before today was only a luxury of the wealthy. 16 different sizes, prices from £4.50 D.I.Y. Kits. Send stamped addressed envelope for details to Aeonics Ltd. (Dept. 5) 5 Upper Tooting Road, London SW17. Tel: 01-672 6841.

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OUT NOW 20p

Lucia van der Post at Milan's furniture fair: this is what we saw and admired

LOOK!

edited by Allan Hall

FOR SOME years now the Milan furniture fair has been the mecca for buyers, architects and journalists. Everybody in the know has praised the Italians for their inventiveness and their ingenuity, then adding "what a pity they don't consolidate, that they're so unreliable, that they move on to the next idea before they've solved all the problems of the first."

Well, this year, this is what they've done.

There is little of the old spark and zip but nor is there so much capriciousness, such wilful disregard for cost or production techniques. The great bubbling well of new ideas may now be just a burble, but there are signs that some of the firms and designers are going to concentrate on producing sound, high-quality furniture that will be available and useful to far more people. I can't help thinking that it is a good thing.

Castelli are a good instance of a firm with a sound approach, not committing themselves to ideas they know they can't deliver. Piretti, who designs exclusively for them, is a down-to-earth designer who has produced some stunningly beautiful pieces specifically geared to mass-production. He is who designed the now famous Pila folding chair that I showed on these pages last January and who has now developed an easy version, in leather or fabric, shown on the far top right.

"Design for me," he said, "is not just a beautiful shape. It is the right concept, working away until the mechanism, the technique, the material and the price are all just right."

Other designers before him have had equally noble social ideas (Le Corbusier first produced his famous chaise-longue and easy chair in these pages last year) but it was within the reach of the ordinary man—alas, if he could see it now!—but Piretti has actually managed to achieve it. The Pila chair, after all, sells in Italy for about £7 and in England for £12.50. Simon International are clearly going to be an outfit to watch.

They, too, aren't concerned with the show-stopping sock-in-the-eye. Just simple furniture made as well as they know how. The stunning glass table by Carlo Scarpa is so simple I nearly missed it—but when looked at properly, the exquisite finish of the polished steel and brass base is breath-taking.

Their Kazuki chair (below) is equally deceptive—just four simple pieces, lacquer-finished with polyester paint, either black or white or Japanese red with a traditional Japanese folded blanket-like material as a cushion. The whole thing is so beautiful you want to take it home.

Even furniture that isn't much of a jolt to the eye is beautifully made and very well displayed. For instance Mario Bellini was showing a new low-slung rather Japanese looking wooden chair (not very pleasing, I thought, it had a heavy look as if its weight had dragged it down to floor

level) but it was exquisitely made and the skill with which it was displayed was stunning. A plain white floor with a series of raised platforms and nothing else at all but that one chair; the chair frontways, backways, on its own, in groups, its component parts, a cross-section of the upholstery. By the time you left the stand there wasn't a single detail of that chair you didn't know.

But to my mind the really interesting thing about the fair was that it brought home to me the real march that Italian designers and manufacturers have over us—they have realised better than anybody else that furniture and lighting aren't just skilfully put together bits of glass or steel or plastic. They are intricately related to the way we live and can effect our life-patterns more than most people realise.

Designers today have to be more than just designers; they need to be sociologists, pioneers and artists. The Italians seem to know this and to accept the challenge gladly. Several of the stands were concerned with showing people how they could live rather than just bits of furniture they could buy.

For instance C & B Italia, in promotion of Mario Bellini's Camaleonda furniture (photographed below, near right), not only display it comprehensively

and feels very ashamed of herself. —Letter to the Telegraph (G. Sanderson, HomeWood Road, St. Albans.)

● THE world's most naturally attractive women are SWEDISH. They are beautifully, deliciously, femininely female and second to none at woman's most important function—pleasing men! —Letter to Daily Mirror (sent to Look! by both Miss K. Sanger, Harewood Avenue, Bournemouth, and Kay Crane, Heaton Norris, Stockport.)

Orford, Newlands Park, London, S.E.26.

● NIGHT OUT. Dolly bird, show, dinner, dancing, all supplied. £12 inclusive—Advertisement in the Evening Standard (Mrs G. Harrison, Castle Green, Weybridge, Surrey.)

● EVERY DAY my wife does both crosswords in The Daily Telegraph. Should she complete the "Quickie" in 21 minutes or less I give her 1p. If she takes three minutes she gets 1p. If she takes longer than three minutes she gives me 1p.

WOMAN'S ROLE

● THE COLLEGE invites applications for the post of Domestic Bursar. The post is full-time, open to men and women and (unless held by a woman) is combined with an Official Fellowship in the College—Wadham. College advertisement in The Sunday Times (sent to Look! by Mrs J. B.

LATELY I've been thinking that I'm rather hip where clothes are concerned. I've finally managed to accumulate some that I like, mostly oldies, but most important they are all comfortable. I don't own a bra or a girdle (or these days a tight but that's another story).

This complacency was shot from under me by a simple question put by my brand new and very respected lady doctor, when preparing to examine me in her "office" at an elegant address in the East Seventies in New York. "Why," she murmured, "are you wearing pants?"

Now this is no hippy homophobia or heretical. My doctor wears no charms or beads or sandals, but a good silk dress of Mediterranean length, and grey hair in a simple coil on top of her head.

She waited and I cuddled my brains for a rational answer, but all that came to mind was a vignette of my mother saying "What if you were knocked over by a car?" Obviously, if going without meat and one is more cautious in traffic, there's much to be said for it.

"It's very hot," she prompted, "and your skirt is quite ample." Now once warmth is inappropriate as a reason for wearing knickers, what else there is to be said for it?

I suppose we can give modesty as a reason, provided we accept modesty as a reason for doing anything. But it still won't stand up, because pants themselves are not meant to be seen. If a hurricane were to develop in Bond Street, so that women's skirts were instantly tweaked over their heads, there would be so much other havoc going on, that few people would have the leisure to observe whether what was revealed was lingerie or flesh.

By the time pants' normality

get to be seen, the hour for modesty has passed, be it in the boudoir or the fitting room. (I'm not so sure about the fitting room, but if going without pants means we buy fewer clothes then that is another argument for.)

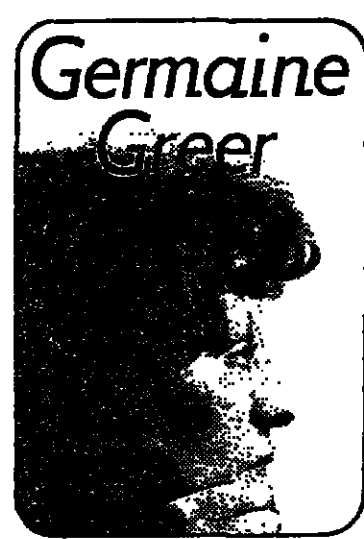
In any event knickers are themselves erotic, which might be an argument for retaining them, but not from a woman's point of view, because it is not women who turn on to them. Undie shops run a staple line in playful panties with clefts in the crotch and cheering inscriptions upon them, all diaphanous and vivid in black and white or red or leopard-skin for the truly farouche. I have never been able to discover who wears them.

Apart from the sportive aspect of the knicker, there is also the sinister power of the pant glimpsed at an impressionable age in circumstances of great excitement and guilt, or whatever process it is that reduces men to knicker lovers amassing huge piles of them (clean or worn) in the corners of rented rooms, begging them from beloved women as an essential prerequisite of sexual satisfaction.

If there are no knickers there can be no knicker fixations. Some liberals might think this an impoverishment of the sexual environment—I don't if the under-world fetishists themselves would agree.

The symbolism of clothes is very muddling. Many women's liberationists have eschewed the skirt for the boiler suit, claiming that skirts mean immobility and availability. Now I know boys who are more intrigued by a front zipper than anything else.

Nothing to lose but your elastic



A woman in a boiler suit is like a hermit crab, you must wonder and fantasise about her shape. Only reality is an antidote for fantasy.

In any case, clothes do not actually influence availability. If all that stands between a male chauvinist and the accomplishment of his desires is a knicker then you've had it.

On the other hand, if you know karate, it doesn't much matter whether you are wearing pants

or not. Clothes as protection haven't worked since the knights discovered that their armour hampered them so much that they could be hacked down by the meanest foot-soldier.

Ideally, women should not be judged by their clothes any more than men. As long as women are judged, or are provocative because of their chosen mode of dress, they are being judged as beings with significance only through their relation with others. The older generation is often puzzled that women who sling off their clothes at rock concerts are not raped; they do not understand that the connection is not with provocation but with freedom.

One reason I did mumble out to the Doctor was cleanliness, you know, subway seats and all that. But a moment's reflection in the light of her smile revealed that pants are not very hygienic in themselves, or much of a protection against infection, if infection were to be so easily got, which it is not.

So, with a great sigh, I put my knickers in my bag and marched off down Third Avenue, all unbeknownst to the passers-by, wearing a new frontier in a life marked like a tree-trunk by lines of small emancipations.

And yet it was not a new feeling. Long ago in a hotter country, when I was very poor and

had few pairs of pants, I used to go knickerless. But my man would check me, when he got wise, by running a finger from hip to haunch, feeling for the ridges through my clothes. Then he would march me home, or into a store, so that I could be decently equipped for the day's enterprises.

It became a running battle between us, and I guess, if I'd thought it through I'd have realised the significance of the fact that my pants were a good deal more important to him than to me.

But we must crawl before we can walk, and later on I accumulated vast stores of pants of all colours, because unbelievably I have a tendency to mislay them. I once left 24 pairs of pants in a farmhouse in Sicily. I'll never know how the peasants received them.

The troubling thought that remains is that perhaps fewer women wear pants than I thought. When some friends of mine were working on a construction site underneath a makeshift footbridge in the city, they assured me that one in three women went without.

I can think of no more arguments for wearing pants, and a few more against. They are not becoming, especially under cling-shift footbridges in the city, they are not comfortable, because elastic never is, although we have become horribly used to it. So why do we wear them, or don't you?

© Germaine Greer and Times Newspapers Ltd. 1971



Forehead Beauty

A soft, smooth, serene forehead is essential to a beautiful woman, and today she can actually massage smoothness and serenity into her skin with her own supple fingertips and a rich vitalizing night cream, to hold back wrinkle dryness and to retain an exquisite complexion, texture and bloom. Every night, coax cherishing Ulay vitamin night cream into the skin, exerting a slight firming pressure on transverse expression creases, to promote and preserve line-free loveliness.

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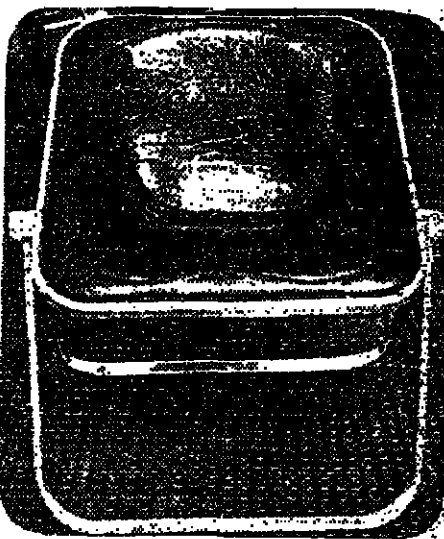
Germany, Cyprus, Hong Kong or Nepal. Working conditions are good, with opportunities for further training and to train others. Leave is generous, the social life enjoyable. You can join for as short a period as 2 years. Read more: post this coupon for our brochure, or enquire at any Army Careers Information Office: you'll find the phone number and address in your local telephone directory under Army.

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Applicants must be aged 21-32

QA QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S ROYAL ARMY NURSING CORPS



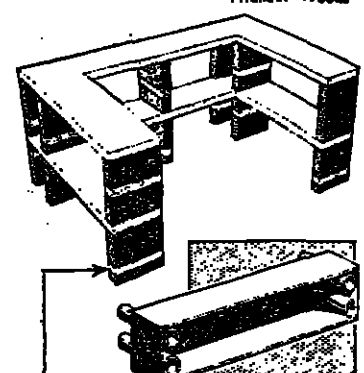
Left: Ordinary industrial baskets used in factories form the base of this chair designed by architects Piretti/Toni/Massari for Silovoco. Four cushions are then simply dropped into the basket. There's a sofa, too. Available later from Oscar Woolens, 421/2 Finchley Road, London, N3. Above: The fold-and-stack easy version of the Pila chair. Available later from Maples.

ideas and a way of life. They're trying to explain to the Italians, who on the whole go in for a dauntingly formal way of life that there are other, better, ways of living today than mindlessly imitating the modes and styles of the nineteenth-century petit bourgeoisie.

And yet nobody seems to be implying that you ought to like anything you don't.

And quite the nicest thing is that you never get the feeling the way you do at Earl's Court, that some manufacturer is going to take you in a quiet corner and tell you that "of course, it's not what I like personally but we're just giving the public what it wants." You know jolly well that the Italian manufacturers and designers are giving the public just what they themselves want.

Michael Woods



Brick, the shelving system based on the same idea as children's Lego. Designer for Longato, it is cheap, gay and flexible, and in white, brown and orange, but alas not available here.

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TO ORDER: price, name and address, send remittance plus 20p p.p.h. State size, colour and the choice of waistband.

diana martin
(Opt. 31-41), 28-32 Marton Square, London N1 6NR.

سكندرية الاحل



MASTER LOOK from Wallis: Left, pin-stripe suit £22, £21 with skirt instead of trousers. Right, fully fitted double-breasted jacket, £19.95, both outfits in sizes 8 to 14 and colours black and white, plum and white, navy and white, and bottle green and white. Hats by Diane Logan. (Right mid-col) fitted overcoat approximately £40 Chiltern Street, W1.



SHAGGY: Big, full-length jacket in black or white, £19.95, sizes 8 to 12. Full-length, £25. All lined in bright satin. Worn with very fine crepe shirt, £4.25, in six colours. Shirts on far left in crepe, £3.95, sizes 8 to 12, in ten colours. At most Wallis branches. Long thin silk scarves from: Asquith, Market, Kensington High Street, W8.

LOOK!

High fashion in the High

AN OLD FRIEND of mine had a face lift last week. Not only that, but half her inside was yanked out and replaced by another arranged in such a way that now everyone can see what's there. She is a different colour and looks terrific—I'm talking, of course, about the Wallis shop at Marble Arch.

There was a time I used to go there every day. Whilst other young mothers did as they were told and aired their offspring round leafy parts of the park, I'd be heading through diesel fumes

down Oxford Street, towards Wallis for a look around and a try on.

Those were the days before the liberating boutiques had arrived

with their classless communal changing rooms and casual way of selling.

There was no such thing as browsing or just looking. Sales ladies would be snapping at your purse strings and trying on was

a traumatic hard sell with both of you squashed in a small cubicle fighting it out together. If you were at all indecisive, low on funds or not stuck size, buying clothes could be crucifying. Except at Wallis who seemed to have a different policy. They were relaxed, there was an easiness to them. They made you welcome whether you spent or not.

At Marble Arch the girl I always got was lovely. I stuck to her literally through thick and thin, right through from my first post-pregnancy frock, size 16, to the miraculous shedding of the accumulated 4 stone (yes, it does sound a lot). I returned with her to normal and size 10. The day I got into an 8 we split a packet of Polos together.

The warmth, the lovely lunatic enthusiasm of Wallis seeps through from the top. Owner Jeffrey Wallis (7-11 in the one "I" who with his brother Harold inherited 25 of the existing 33 shops from their old dad in 1936, claims that the Marble Arch branch has now a turnover of half a million pounds, "which please God should do better with the new face."

Even so, 90 per cent of business, the real nitty gritty, he says is done between 2.30 and 4.30 on a Saturday in the High Streets of Britain. Marble Arch isn't the only one with the face lift (done, incidentally, by Conran). Other key Wallis branches have had the treatment too, Cardiff, Glasgow, Belfast, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, Chelsea, Romford and Kingston.

"So ask me why we're doing it," bubbles Jeffrey. And before you're asking he is telling, which saves time. "Business is beautiful, but the shops have had a groovy look. Now I want them to be that a woman can walk into them, you know what I mean, and feel a welcome."

"We want Wallis to move ahead with the quality and price of Marks and Spencer, the excitement of Biba and the personal extra that Wallis has always had."

"We are trying to make ourselves an international organisation. I tell you something: ten years ago if I didn't see at least two dozen of our coats walking around the West End in one hour it would really upset me."

That was ten years ago. Now what he's keenest on, Jeffrey Wallis, is crossing the Channel. And if he finds a High Street half way there, he'll open up a Wallis on the spot.

LES DEJAS (continued)
Tired out—deja phew!!
Getting to know you—deja tu.
Poorly received—deja boo.
Simon De—deja who?
A friend of conscience—deja rue.
Fallen woman—deja woe.
Human beings—deja zoo.
Insured—deja pru.
Overgrown garden—deja Ken.
Andrew Paul

LOOK! AGAIN →

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Either skirt can be tailored to special measurement £11.50 extra. The lovely wool material may be purchased by the yard — 54 inches wide — £3.25 per yard.

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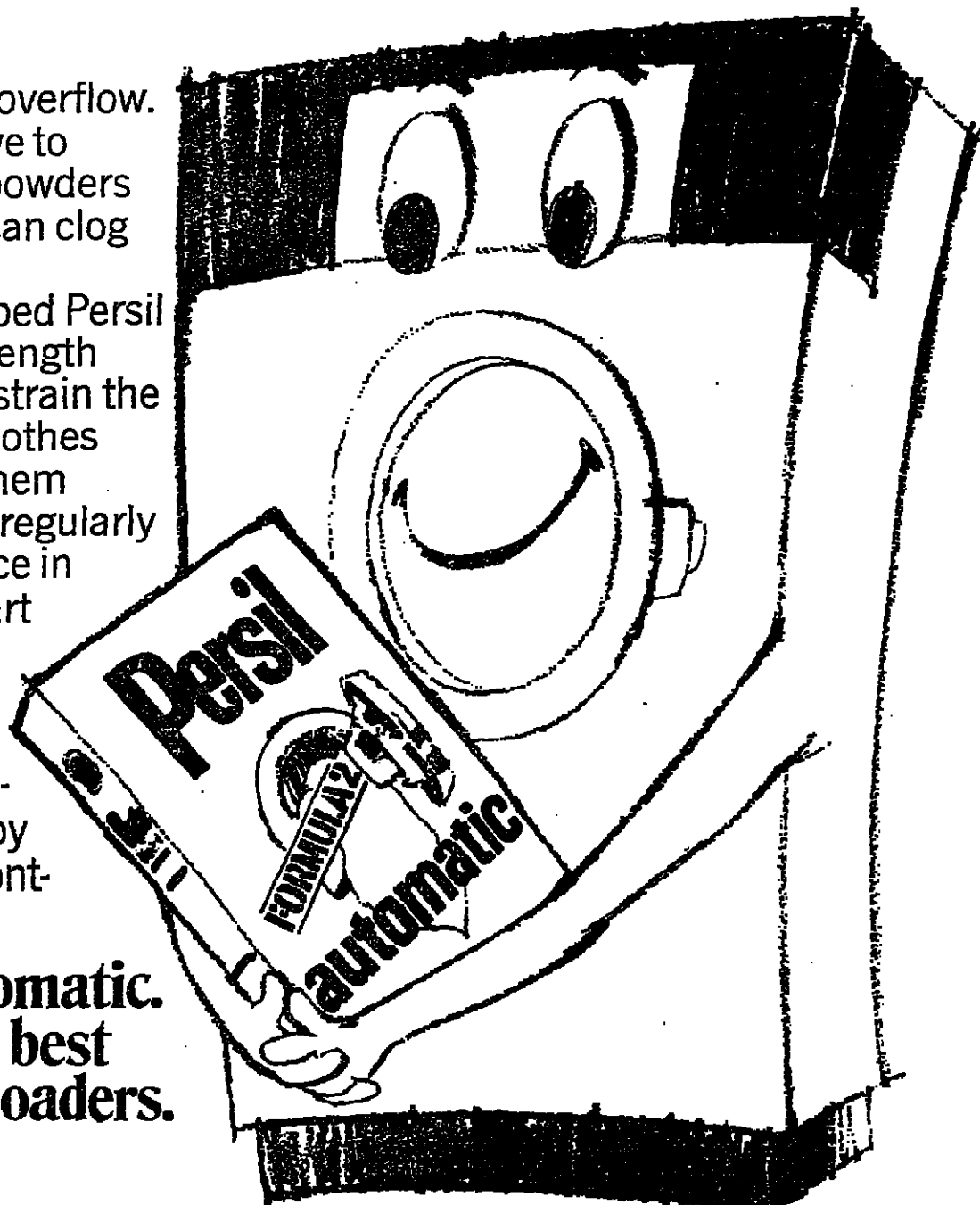
...that's why they love Persil Automatic.

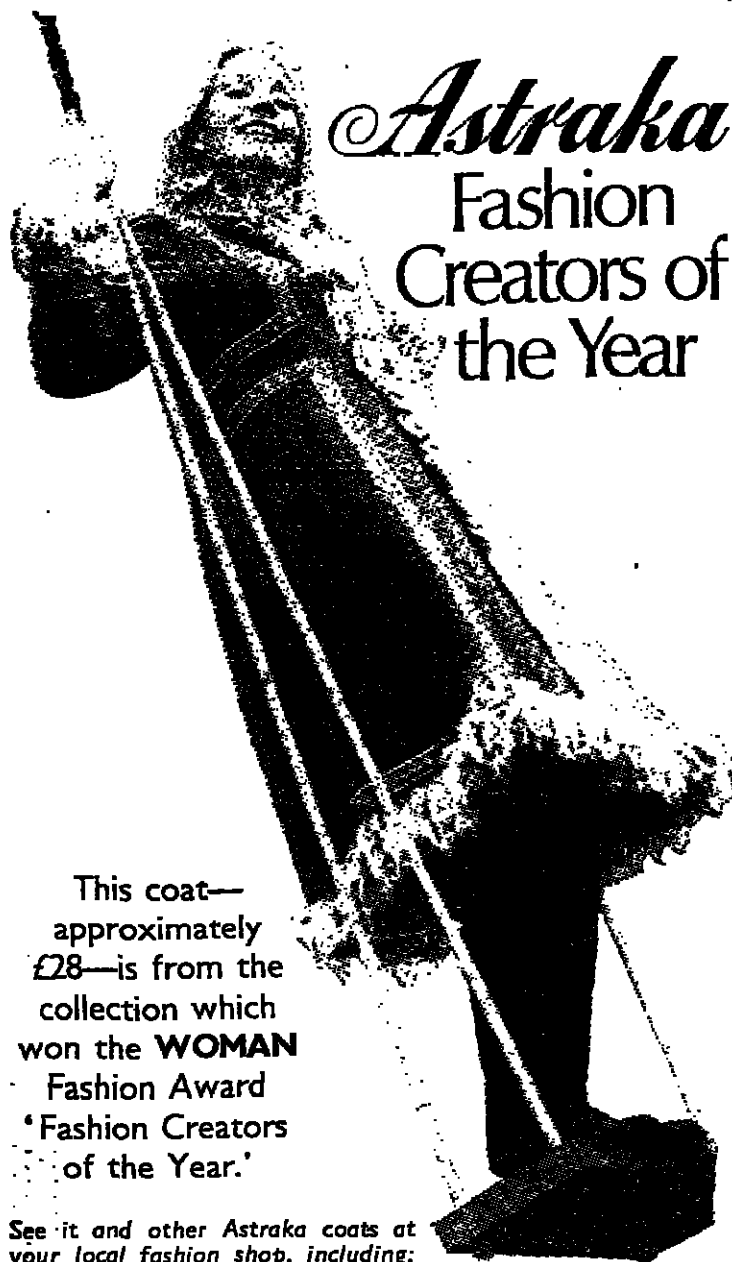
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Peter Robinson, Noel Leon.

MIDLANDS
Birmingham—Rackhams, Derby—Brindleys, Nottingham—Griffin & Spalding, NORTH
Blackpool—Diana Warren, Grimsby—Bliss.

SUBURBS
Clapham Junction—Arding & Hobbs, Croydon—All-ern, Epsom—Hinds, Sutton—Renee Shaw, Sutton—Shimmers.

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Chesham—Bonds, Guildford—Plummer Roddis, Sevenoaks—Youngs.

LOOK!

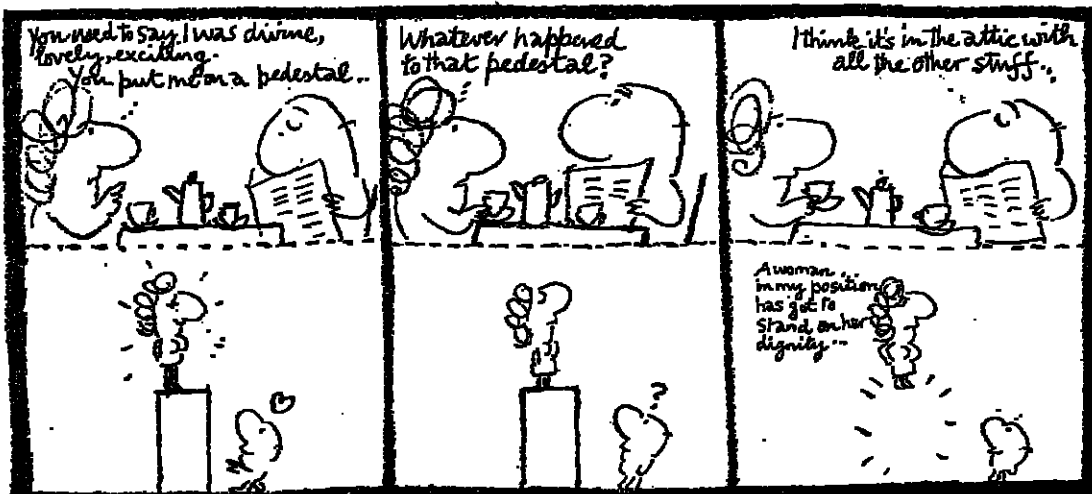
The Mrs Spinks Show

ELEANOR BROOKS' studio in her Kentish Town house has been possessed by the presence of Mrs Eva Spinks, her cockney charlady. Paintings and drawings and an intricate collage of Mrs Spinks hang on the wall. A ghostly white plaster of Mrs Spinks, life size, pearls round her neck, stands in the corner by the window next to a shelf of Mrs Spinks' heads. Mrs Spinks' foot and Mrs Spinks' hands are cast in plaster and there is even a rather grisly Mrs Spinks' three-dimensional puzzle where you take her foot to pieces bone by curling bone and then put it together again. Mrs Spinks arrived at the Brooks household four years ago in answer to an advertisement for a charlady and when she didn't turn out to be a very good charlady, Eleanor Brooks started using her as a model and Mrs Spinks would sit in the studio and talk and talk. "She can't sit still and she talks the whole time. She's a good little actress. She can put on a very grand manner or be very vulgar, according to her mood, and I'd start painting her one day and the next day she'd be completely different. After a while I realised I couldn't get her across just by painting." As time passed Eleanor Brooks became involved in Mrs Spinks' life. After a quarrel with her landlord, Mrs Spinks had been thrown out and was picked up in Euston Station, taken to a reception centre and then to a grim old people's home. Eleanor Brooks found her a room and helped her move out. Then two years ago she had the idea of basing a whole exhibition round the life of Mrs Spinks. "I recorded her talking, at first without her knowledge, then one day the tape squeaked and I was a bit apprehensive of her reaction, but all she said when I told her was 'I don't care. It's all the truth.'"

"She's very refined. Her mother was illegitimate, and so is she; she thinks her mother worked for the Lord of the Manor and the younger son did her and this is why she's got yearnings. She thinks art and aristocracy go together. At first she liked being painted. She thought she was getting her due at last."

Mrs Spinks' character, tastes, life and hard times will be fully displayed in the final exhibition.

A bank robber:
One who burrows
Rather than borrows.
Bryan Lewis



COUPLES

by Calman



Mrs Spinks, in the flesh and in plaster, and the artist, Eleanor Brooks

which as well as all the artefacts will show Mrs Spinks on film, tape and a collection of her belongings—old dresses, papers, broken jewellery, a sad fox fur.

The exhibition is still looking for a home, but Eleanor Brooks would like it to be a travelling show with a fairground element. What won't be so obviously on display is the relationship that the two women have established. They couldn't be more different. Eleanor Brooks was born on a country estate in Lincolnshire and brought up at second hand by nannies and tutors in an upper-class household and in many ways,

her exposure to Mrs Spinks' life has changed her attitude to and understanding of other people's lives.

"Class comes into it an awful lot. I was brought up by a nanny

and Mrs Spinks was once a nanny in France for a year and she's very illuminating, very sour about her employers. Her criticisms have a purging effect, they've expunged the remnants of upper-

class thinking in me. She can upset me. "She attacks me and says I'm using her and it sort of shakes me, but it's a mutual arrangement. She comes here to talk and I get my own back on her by painting and recording her. That's the key, we're both using each other. She just starts talking and it all comes out, she goes on about funerals, graves, her friends, there's so much to it. It's like a novel by—not a very brilliant novelist, one of those picaresque writers."

"It's made me much tougher. I'm no longer a middle-class liberal. I won't act out of feeling sorry for anyone. Everyone has their own life and you can't be sorry for them."

"I started off thinking that I was better than other people and it was incumbent on me to be nice to those less well off. But it's not a question of whether anyone is better than anyone else, it's simply a question of who wins. Poor old soul, she's never had a success of any kind, she has no relations, no friends and yet she thinks she's as good as I am. My attitude to her isn't patronising now. What I'm saying is that there's poetry in a simple life."

Lesley Garner

AC, DC or BC—a guide to the well-dressed

World's Best-dressed list demands.

At trade levels, these vocational esoterics often involve smatterings of the old Victorian sartorial snobberies—which renders them doubly confusing. Franco Lagatolla of the Mario and Franco set-up, for example, would justify his listing among the Best-dressed Restaurateurs—but his restrained tailoring and precisely chosen accessories identify his visual appreciation as being among the BC category, despite his DC age category. He could not, logically, be considered for the Big League.

Rival Alvaro, on the other hand, is inclined to identify with the slight eccentricities of the swingers who constitute his clientele and the BC category would probably regard this copying of his customers as slight impertinence.

A significant event in the period of change was Harold Macmillan, when Prime Minister, allowing himself to be photographed leaving church in a pair of trousers heavily patched at the knee. Presumably this involved the suggestion (a) that he was economising in the interests of the nation's parlous economic situation or (b) that the frictional rigours of his Sunday supplication had forced perforations.

What curious mental attitude could persuade the Chief Executive of a proud nation to stomp about in trousers fit only for Dutch men and such men? It was simply an early example of the aim for sartorial effectiveness.

rather than sartorial effect. It is an attitude which has rendered impossible any widely acceptable list of Best-dressed Men.

I first became aware of the changing attitudes in sartorial appraisal when Harry Truman was asked to reply to some criticisms I had published of his wardrobe. I felt the old authority shifting out from under me as he dismissed what ten years before would have been anxiously considered. "Go tell him," said Mr Truman, "to mind his own goddam business."

I withdrew from the lists and surrendered the annual responsibility to the Clothing Manufacturers' Federation.

To end on a happy note I can record that, doubtless only in deference to services rendered, the Federation included my own name in their Best-dressed Men List for 1962, under the citation: "Mr Taylor is a fluent dresser and always appears even late in the day, as though he had just finished dressing."

Fluent, according to the dictionary, means "with ease and rapidity"—and I accepted the citation with considerable satisfaction. It is my talent for rapid dressing, indeed, which is undoubtedly the reason for my never having been cited by anyone other than the Clothing Manufacturers' Federation.

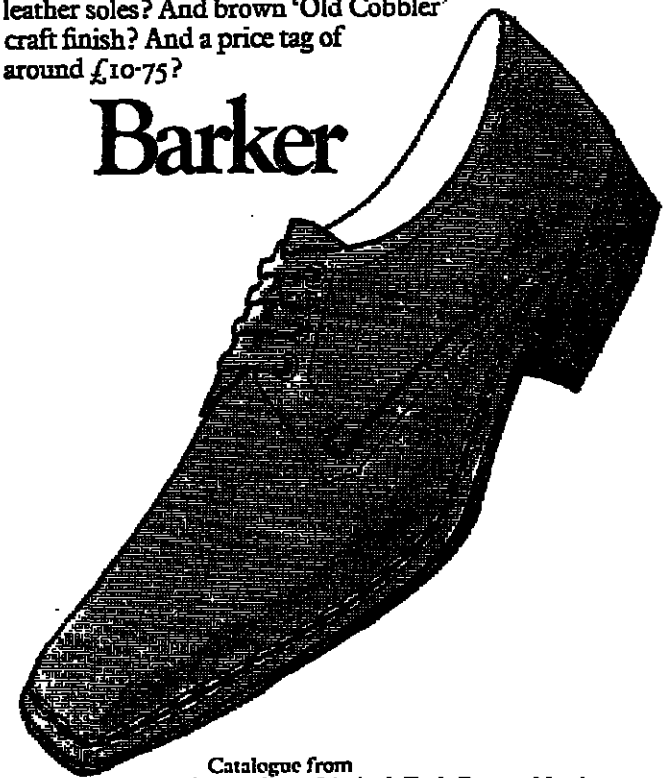
John Taylor

who is editor of the new fashion magazine Style

Tricky stitchery ties it up

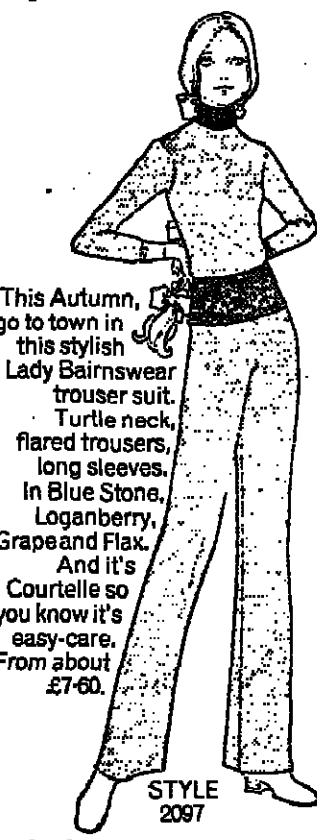
Dunkley is bold. Just look at that purposeful stitching along the feather and up the quarter. All done by hand. What else do you expect from Barker? Apart from all leather soles? And brown 'Old Clobber' craft finish? And a price tag of around £10-75?

Barker



Catalogue from Barker Shoes Limited, Earls Barton, Northampton

Lady Bairnswear is wearing the trousers



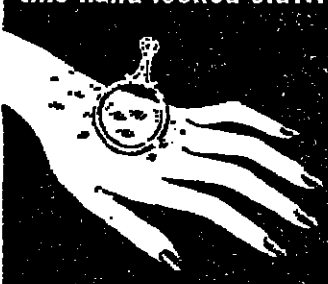
This Autumn, go to town in this stylish Lady Bairnswear trouser suit. Turtle neck, long sleeves. In Blue Stone, Loganberry, Grape and Flax. And it's Courtelle so you know it's easy-care. From about £7-60.

STYLE 2097

See the Lady Bairnswear Autumn range—write for the name of your local stockist to: Lady Bairnswear, Dept 25b, Perry Road, Nottingham NG5 1GR.

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IN MY FASHION

ANA BALFOUR is a weaver, not, she says, a "normal" weaver. Unlike "normal" weavers, she weaves rather, strings of tape, not in the usual way but, as he explains, "held together by nots." She doesn't even have a loom but weaves on frames from 6in x 12in to six feet square. Twenty-two-year-old Miss Balfour left Saint Martin's School of Art fifteen months ago. She

officially studied dress design, but in her last year "got keen on weaving." Her first experiment was weaving lengths of chambray which she took to Nutters, who made them into waistcoats.

Vogue's eagle-eyed Special Projects Editor, Judy Brittain, spotted the waistcoats and Miss Balfour. She suggested that Miss Balfour make something up. "So," says Miss Balfour, "I made a circle." That is, she took a

circle of fabric and divided it into quarters, one quarter each for the front and back of the smock, one quarter for each sleeve. The smock we show is also a circle. In fact, says Miss Balfour, everything she does is based on circles.

Moving circularly ourselves, we come back to the first circle which Vogue photographed. At this point things ground to a temporary halt, for as is the custom of fashion magazines (and pages), items published must be available for readers to buy or, in our vernacular, they must have stockists.

Miss Balfour had no stockist, so she went off and got herself one—Brown's in South Molton Street. "They took a smock to see what happened," Brown's sold the first one right away and have continued to sell them throughout the summer, twenty so far, at £30 each.

Miss Balfour is one of the young designers whom Miss Brittain has tapped to start a pet project. The project is to find a workroom (as inexpensive as possible) where young designers can work. To begin with, says Miss Brittain, their needs are simple: space, a table, a Bernina machine (for embroidery), a knitting machine, a telephone, and later perhaps a secretary.

So far Miss Brittain has picked six designers, each doing something original and special. And, adds Miss Brittain, "well thought out and beautifully carried through." Besides Miss Balfour, there are Susan Kemp and Diana Harrison, both ex-Goldsmiths, now at the Royal College of Art. Susan Kemp does what Miss Brittain calls "fabulous fabric designs, intricate and poetic." Diana Harrison's designs Miss Brittain describes as "witty, more geometric."

Both girls have developed their own technique of padded quilting—the puffy silky Oriental kind Yamamoto used in heavy ridges, that Yves Saint Laurent used in squares. Miss Kemp and Miss Harrison use it rather like repoussé, is used in silver, to bring their patterns into high relief.

Val Vorston, also Goldsmiths, is an embroiderer with a pyrotechnical array of stitches at her finger tips. Elizabeth Mellor, who left Goldsmiths two years ago, is just starting. Her forte is embroidery and appliqué used in new and unconventional ways.

The other two members of the sextet are older than these girls whose ages range from twenty to twenty-three. One is Lillian Delevoyras, a Greek-American, whom Miss Brittain first found in New York, but who now lives here. "She paints in fabric," says Miss Brittain.

The senior member is Michael Hayes, who has designed the setting for the coming Fashion Exhibition at the V & A).

The list is not closed. Miss Brittain plans to go on "picking people. I think it's good to have people streaming through. As some of them go on, new ones will come in, otherwise ideas get static."

There is a wonderful lot of young talent about. The important thing is to give it a place where it can work freely and independently, without compromise or constraint.

Miss Brittain's plan could flower into the kind of atelier one finds abroad, one which could be of as great value to the fashion industry as to the designers, for it would provide a place where they could see what young talent is up to, discern the direction in which the young pathfinders are moving. In fact, it could prove so valuable that some farsighted fabric house, some farsighted manufacturer will, I think, be sure to want to play Maecenas.

CHARITY YVES-NING: On Tuesday, 28th September, Yves Saint Laurent will show both his Paris Couture and his Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Collections at a Gala evening at the London Planetarium in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children which will be attended by Princess Margaret. Doors open at 10 pm, fashion show at 11 pm (exactly); dancing at Madame Tussaud's until 2 am. Tickets £6 each include breakfast from Mrs Michael Bowater, NSPCC, 1 Riding House Street, W1P 8AA (01-580 8812).



YVES SAINT LAURENT: a shiny black circ blouse wraps over a black polo necked jersey and matching long Johns; a red "chubby" flashes a green plastic heart pierced by a rhinestone arrow; on the feet, black suede wedge-heeled sandals. Blouse, £38; jersey and long Johns, £20.50; red fox chubby, £400; heart brooch, £14; black sheer tights, £2.75; sandals, £14.

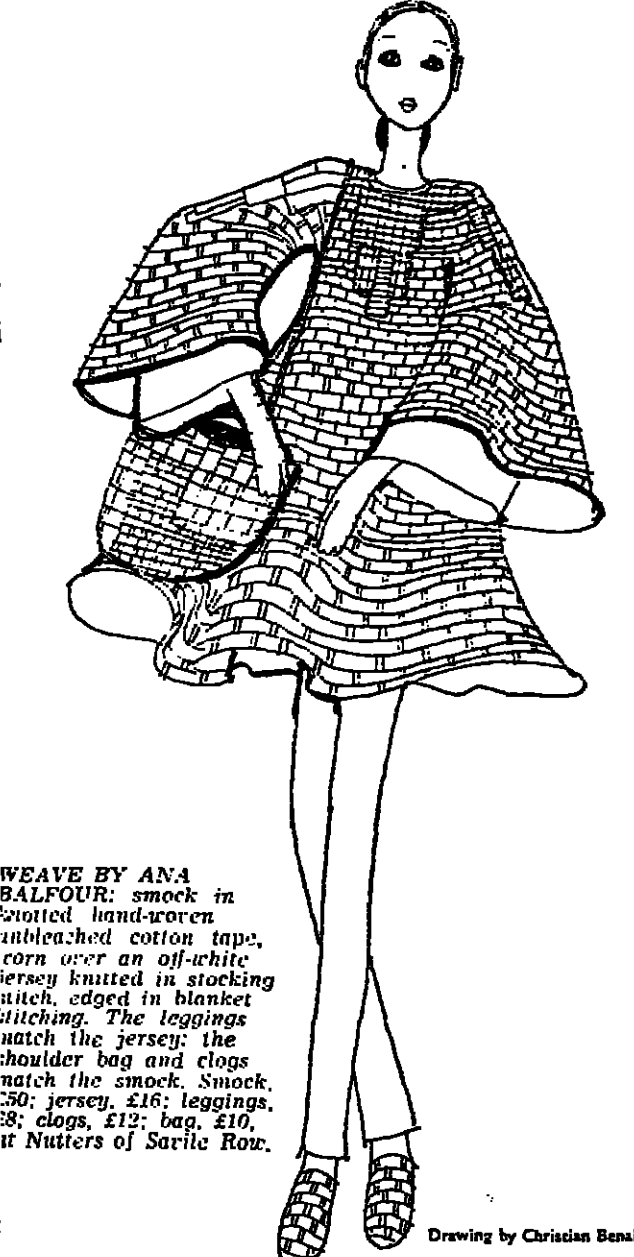
YVES SAINT LAURENT: olive green glazed cotton quilted jacket over an orange ribbed polo necked sweater and brown wool jersey skirt; matching quilted baggy boots and shoulder bag, knitted tea cosy cap in orange, brown and green (note: not always worn over the eyes). Jacket, £43; sweater, £11.50; skirt, £22.50; boots, £30; bag, £43; cap, £6.75. All from Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Hair by Michael of Michaeljohn Photographs by Barry Lategan



The New Yorker magazine invented a Funny Coincidence Department. Here are two candidates. Above, Yves Saint Laurent's most copied coat. Below, 1945's most copied coat, reaching Hollywood three years later to be worn by Rita Hayworth for a publicity still.

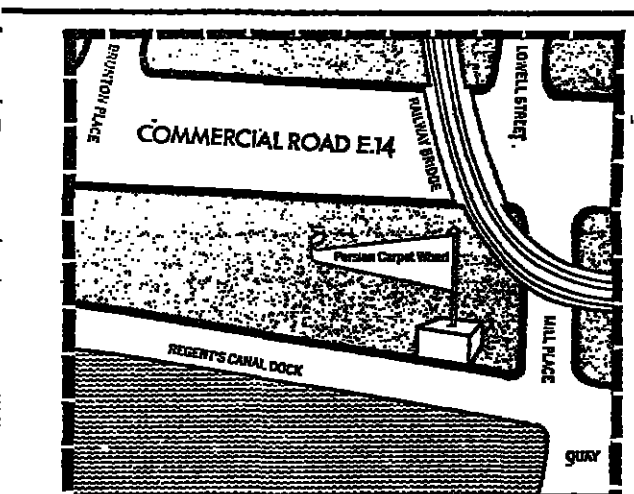


Photograph by courtesy of the British Film Institute



WEAVE BY ANA BALFOUR: smock in quilted hand-woven unbleached cotton tape, corn over an off-white jersey knitted in stocking stitch, edged in blanket stitching. The leggings match the jersey; the shoulder bag and clogs match the smock. Smock, £30; jersey, £16; leggings, £8; clogs, £12; bag, £10. At Nutters of Sarile Row.

Drawing by Christian Benais



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Ranch Mink Jacket	£525	£345
Morning Light Mink Coat	£700	£395
Cocoa Dyed Lakoda Seal with Pearl Mink trim	£825	£495
Ranch Mink Coat	£950	£395
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Matara Alaska Seal Coat with Ranch Mink trim	£1250	£595
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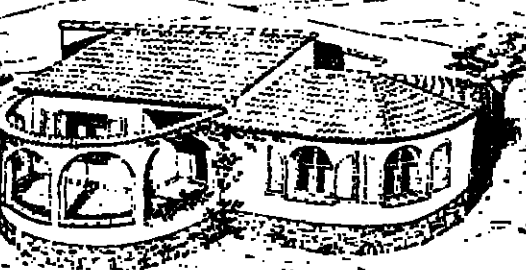
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